

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. W. and D. DOWNEY.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

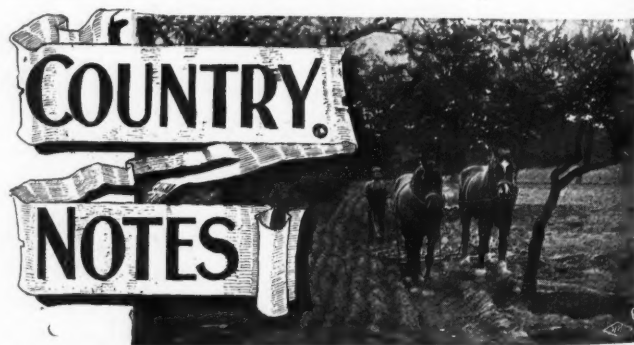
THE SILVER LINING

FOR a moment it had been in our minds to write the title which stands at the head of this article under the excellent portrait of the new Queen, the "Sea-king's daughter from over the sea," which forms our frontispiece; but it seemed better to make it into a text, and to enlarge upon it, in this hour of deep and national grief for the good Queen who lies at rest full of years and honour, after a life encompassed by the love of her people and her children. Let us not forget that the future is not all black, and that the murky cloud which hangs over England is silvered by the sunshine of hope. Last week some reasons were given for a confident assurance that the King will acquit himself well in his august position. He is a full-blooded and hearty man, of natural gentleness of disposition, considerate, kindly, sagacious, and tactful. He has the tastes of a robust Englishman, he has an infinite capacity for taking pains, and it is not too much to say that his manly bearing and his dignified carriage when he addressed his Privy Council, and when he rode behind his mother's coffin through London, have made an excellent impression on the people; and that it is no small thing to raise our hopes, for appearances are deceitful in the proverb only for the most part, and the King's grave face and his serious mien help us to understand that he appreciates the greatness of the task which lies before him, and that he means to carry it out on the lines which his wise mother followed before him.

But the King is not, nor would he wish to be regarded as, the beginning and end of the whole matter. The tone of the Court, and through the Court of all ranks of Society, will depend very largely on the influence of the most gracious and beautiful lady who is now known as Queen Alexandra. Of her what shall we say without risk of offence by fulsome adulation, but rather in all sincerity? Surely first that there is not merely room for hope, but for absolute certainty, that her fair face is the mask of a soul as pure and as good as that of Victoria herself, and that her actions in the past have given ample proof that her influence will be all for good, and of very great strength and force. Queen Alexandra is no stranger within our gates. She came amongst us, amidst acclaim of the people and enthusiastic welcome from poets, no less than thirty-eight years ago, with a heart which matched her countenance in girlish beauty. She is a woman now, a woman who has twice endured the greatest

sorrow, next perhaps to widowhood, that woman can be called upon to suffer—the loss of her eldest son. In the secluded churchyard at Sandringham, where the King, as he is now, used to be regarded as squire rather than as Prince of the Blood Royal and heir to the throne, is a simple tomb in which was laid to earth the body of a child prince whom Queen Alexandra has not forgotten to mourn, although it is to be feared that his death has passed out of the memory of the nation. When that boy was taken away, and when the Duke of Clarence died in the prime of his manhood and of his promise, the heart of the nation went out to the sorrowing parents, but to the Royal mother most of all, for a mother's love towards the child she has borne is, in the very nature of things, tender beyond any other love known to humanity, and so sacred that no man may completely understand its unfathomable depth. And then the nation was not slow to observe how, little by little, the bereaved mother laid aside her grief, not that it was not present all the time, in order that she might do her duty in that high state of life to which it had pleased God to call her. She was the wife of the Prince who was destined to become King of the United Kingdom, the mother of one who might in time succeed to that high dignity, and the grandmother of a child who, if all things went right, would some day sit on the throne upon which his father and his grandfather had sat before him. As such it was his duty not merely to be an example of perfect womanhood as wife and mother—that, indeed, was to her a natural instinct—but also to play her part in the great world; and that she has done, taking the place often of the aged Queen, with wondrous dignity and gentleness and kindness. But there are strength and firmness in her character, too, and both are present in abundance, and the world may be well assured that laxity of conduct will be as severely visited with cold disdain and exile from the Court of Queen Alexandra as it was in that of Queen Victoria. Her crystal purity will be an unmixed blessing to the subjects of her Royal husband.

When our new Queen began to be seen in public after her grievous loss it was as a great lady intent on doing good, on helping the suffering and the poor; and she has been diligent and assiduous in the kindness which she loves to bestow ever since. Only those who are personally concerned in charitable movements know how hard our Princess of Wales was wont to work, how gentle was her manner, how sympathetic was her tone, how unostentatious was her method. Moreover, since the South African War began, more months ago than it is altogether pleasant to remember, she who is now our Queen has given abundant testimony, not merely by appeals to the public, but by personal visits to the sick and the wounded, that her heart bled for those who had been maimed in their country's cause. Pale cheeks would flush, and listless eyes would brighten, when the Princess of Wales was seen walking up the gangway to her hospital ship at Southampton the day after it had arrived with its cargo of suffering humanity, and at Netley her visits were as welcome as they were frequent. She is a soldier's daughter, a soldier's wife, and the son she lost last was a soldier also. She loves the Army, and the Army no less than the people loves her, and it was in a happy and sympathetic moment that the King ordained that she should be honorary colonel where his mother had held that rank until less than three weeks ago.



TUESDAY'S messages to the people and to the constituent parts of the Empire, prove conclusively that His Majesty King Edward VII. is his mother's son, and that he has inherited directly from her the gift of using that language of simple sincerity which goes straight to the heart of the people. The messages of Queen Victoria on occasions of national sorrow or of national rejoicing, and particularly those in which she acknowledged the comforting sympathy of her people, were always absolutely happy in their expression. Completely free from the suspicion of rhetoric, beautifully plain, and never exaggerated in phrase, they bore the clear mark of that much misused term, authenticity. They came from her own brain and from her own heart; they breathed her spirit, and they are preserved as precious possessions in tens of thousands of homes. Her eldest son, succeeding to the Empire, which under her has grown to such vast dimensions, which

under her has been cemented by the blood and the love of kindred peoples, strikes the same note in the messages of heartfelt but unstudied eloquence which he addresses on the last day of his mother's funeral "To my People," "To my People beyond the Sea"—a beautiful phrase, which we do not remember to have seen in a document of State before—and "To the Princes and People of India." To the first two he is Edward, Rex, Imperator; to the last Edward, Rex et Imperator. To the free peoples, of whom he is titular head, he says, in effect, "I am your King, an Emperor"; to the Oriental, not yet ripe for representative government, and most likely never destined to reach that stage of development, he says, "I am your King and your Emperor." Of the former he is Ruler and King by their own goodwill; of the latter he is, for their own great good, paramount Sovereign.

Gossip and rumour of all kinds are naturally rife concerning the projects of the King, and, many-tongued as they are, one has no right to trust them. But there is one of them which we would fain believe, and it may be that the expression of that hope will go some small way to bring about its truth. It is that the King is firmly resolved to reform and to reorganise the Army upon a business basis. In particular it is said that he is determined that a stupid fashion which makes the British officer behave as if he were ashamed of the uniform of which he is really intensely proud, shall be discountenanced with the utmost rigour. To some it may seem trivial to suggest that the British officer, if he were compelled by regulation to wear his uniform on his walks abroad, would be a better soldier and more attentive to his profession; but thought will show that there is a great deal of sound sense in the idea. In mufti the young officer is hardly distinguishable from any other young man fresh from school or from the University; he can idle away his evenings, and, on occasion, disgrace himself, without openly disgracing his cloth. In doffing his uniform he is all too apt—and, when you come to think of it, very naturally—to doff that extra self-respect which comes from the feeling that all know him for what he is, a soldier of the King. Wearing it, he would instinctively behave very much better than he does, and, save the mark, he would look ever so much nicer. Incidentally it may be added that he would contribute greatly to the brightness of our social gatherings. Ball, theatre, dinner-party, race-course, cricket match, would look infinitely more pleasing with officers in uniform.

His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor has won the undying gratitude of the nation by his attentive devotion to the late Queen and the King, her successor, during those days of dying hope and of bitter sorrow which will never be forgotten. But now let us harp *leviore plectro*. Eton, it seems, is disposed to pay something approaching to the tribute of hero-worship to the Kaiser, as indeed are all those who come within the influence of his personal magnetism. There is a story of the funeral at Windsor, related no doubt in absolute good faith by an ingenuous boy, which pleases us vastly. It was just after the horses had jibbed, to the eternal chagrin of the gunners, who will never hear the last of it, and the "Handy Men" had harnessed themselves in their places. Suddenly, in the middle of the crowd, a horse was seen to grow restive, to rear and to plunge to the imminent danger of the surrounding people. With uplifted hand the Kaiser strode forward and, seizing the bridle of the frightened animal with a grasp of steel, but soothing it by words of gentle command, averted the danger. Would that we could believe the story of the incident; but it could hardly have escaped the lynx eyes of many reporters. The acceptance, however, completely exemplifies the readiness with which the idea of the omnipotence of a hero spreads among the impressionable.

That is a charming gift that the Agent-General for New Zealand has forwarded to Lord Roberts on behalf of one of the most influential of the Maori chiefs—a greenstone "*meré*"—that is to say, the double-edged tomahawk which was used in old days only by chieftains of the highest rank. It is said that the value of the gift is very considerable, for the number of these weapons, emblematic of the power of an exclusive class that has died out, is naturally limited, and they are cherished by the possessors to whom they have come as heirlooms. Emblematic, at once, as a gift to Lord Roberts, of the kinship of military genius between the ancient leaders of one of the finest of the coloured races and the Commander-in-Chief of what we, of patriotic necessity, believe the finest of white races, and emblematic, too, of loyalty to the Empire of part of the coloured race that perhaps has given its conquerors—now its friends—their greatest battles. May we not look on it, further, as emblematic of the friendship that the future will bring to us with the brave and stubborn enemy from whom Lord Roberts gained the victories which have earned for him this unique gift from the Maori people? In most feeling terms the message accompanying the gift referred to the sad loss of his only son suffered by Lord Roberts in the early days of the campaign.

Among many subjects of grave importance for the consideration of the British taxpayer at the present moment, one is the liquidation of an enormous war bill. An interesting theoretical study it may be for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but a most serious one it is in practice for the dwellers in the Mother Country. The prime and capital cost must fall on the British taxpayer, but there is a saving clause to be found in the undoubted richness of at least one of the two fallen States. An article in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, written by a competent hand, gives some consolation. In 1897 the acknowledged revenue of the Transvaal Government was close on £4,000,000, raised as to nine-tenths by direct and indirect taxation of the mining industry. The Netherlands Railway, a great line of supply, put such freight on the goods transported that after paying a million sterling, that is, eighty-five per cent. of its profits, to the Government, it still remained a working investment. Of the £450,000 profit in each year from the sale and manufacture of dynamite, a mere £50,000 went directly to the Government, the remainder formed a solatium to the concessionaries who were *fortunati agnates* of the lamented President.

There are about fifty-nine gold-mining companies in the Rand, and these would have paid £6,500,000 in dividends during 1899 if war had not occurred. As the total output was about £16,500,000, it appears that gold mining can hardly be considered the amusement of a pauper. The cost of treating ore is about 28s. per ton, which sum is made up approximately of 8s. for native labour, 8s. 3d. for white supervision, 2s. 3d. for coal, 3s. for dynamite, 5s. for stores, and 1s. 6d. for sundries; of this sum it is calculated that 8s. 6d. would be saved under a reasonable Government. Near Johannesburg, at only 16 miles distance, lies a coal seam more than 200ft. thick at 300ft. from the surface! There are assured expectations of further and enormous mineral developments under a fixed Government of honest principles, but the margin of profit on some low-grade ore-beds is too small to justify the necessary expenditure for development under a corrupt system.

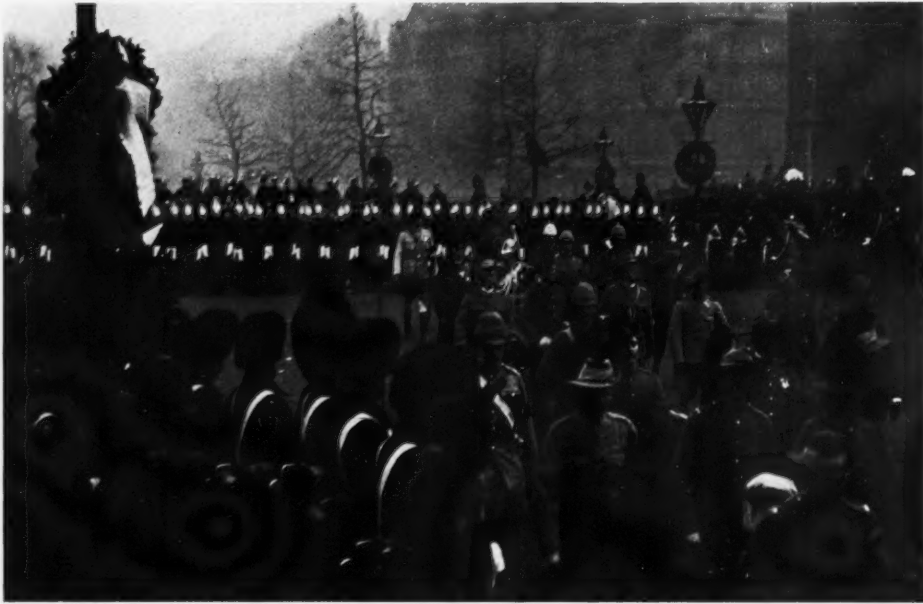
It seems to be on evidence that hardly any of the leading magnates of South Africa hold large interests in the dividend-paying mines of the Transvaal; they have, for the most part, become millionaires through their skill in floating companies, which have been sold to the public of the world in shares issued on an assumed basis of ten per cent. dividend, and the money so received promptly floats other companies. Great skill is demanded to avoid such a system of taxation as will unduly fall on the British and Continental publics whilst the magnates escape; but wealth undoubtedly exists in South Africa, and a well-planned scheme should eventually afford some golden eggs to the taxpayer at home without killing the bird in South Africa.

From one cause or another it is quite sure that an unusual head of game must have been left at the end of the shooting season, all the country over, whether on moor, agricultural land, or covert. In the first place, there was the war, which kept many a shooter away from his usual winter haunts. It is true that in anticipation of this a smaller head of pheasants may have been reared in many instances, but this will not apply to the things that are more strictly *fera natura*, the grouse, partridge, rabbit, hare, and deer. Grouse, and in some measure partridges, owed a deal of immunity from their usual rate of destruction to the General Election, which took people off the moors and fields just when the grouse ought to have been shot over for the last time and the partridges for the first. One speaks roughly, striking an average all the country over, about the seasons for the different kinds of shooting. And for the pheasants, just when people were shooting their coverts for the third time over, at the end of the season, there were days of wild wind and local snowstorms to make the birds unwilling to rise and impossible to control when once flushed. At this back-end time it is commonly "cocks only" that are shot, and mighty difficult shooting these strong cunning old cocks make. Whether it be altogether for the good of next year's stock to leave an unusually large head may well be doubted. Too many cock pheasants are certainly a disadvantage. Taking one estate with another, it has not been a very good partridge year, though they have been very unequally distributed, owing to very local showers about hatching-time, so perhaps too large a stock of them may not be left over. But almost certainly the grouse stock will be too large, and though the paths of prophecy are hard, and the prophecy of hard things distasteful, we should not be in the least surprised to hear of next year as a year of rather general grouse disease in consequence of too large a head being generally left over at the back end. Sincerely do we hope that such prophecy may be falsified.

The dominant subject of the week prohibits the insertion in the current number of an instalment of our interesting series of illustrated articles on "The Building Bye-laws," which it is our intention to make continuous.

VICTORIA REGINA ET IMPERATRIX. R.I.P.

NO semblance of apology is needed for the obvious fact that this issue of COUNTRY LIFE assumes a form to which its readers are, in some measure, strangers, for the reason of the change is on the face of things. All London, all England, all the Empire, is not suffering from, but profiting in heart and soul by, an obsession, that is to say, in the strict sense of the word, an investment or a beleaguering, by that wondrous series of moving scenes which had its public climax in St. George's Chapel at Windsor on Saturday last, and its beginning—well, its beginning when that alarming passage in the frigid *Court Circular* warned the sorrowing world that the end of Queen Victoria's noble life and of her pure and splendid reign was surely at hand. Then it was that wherever men and women do congregate faces wore a look of constant sadness and anxiety; then it was that men asked eagerly for news, and gathered together where it might be obtained, hoping against hope that the good Queen might yet be spared for a few more years for the wholesome government of her loving people, knowing full well that, although the hope was selfish, no sacrifice of self could be so



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SONS OF GREATER BRITAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

much as suggesting that he would not rather have a good record and good pictures of it than anything else in the world at this time. The time may never come again in this generation when there shall be any other event of even approximate interest, and grandeur, and majesty, and meaning. But for all that, in the future may come lesser but sufficient occasions.

It has been written truthfully, and that is somewhat exceptional in relation to much that has been written concerning the death of the Queen, that it was her own desire that her funeral should be military and public. Had she known that she would face death in her island home, in the district where she was a country gentlewoman, surrounded by tenants and by dear

great but that the good woman who lived for England would make it freely and willingly for England's sake. But the blow fell, in the course of Nature, and from that moment onwards there began upon a *crescendo* scale such a series of solemn sights and ceremonials, on a large scale and a small, exoteric and esoteric, as it never entered into the mind of man even to conceive as possible. The climax was the public funeral, and we will insult no reader by so



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WITH MEASURED STEP AND SLOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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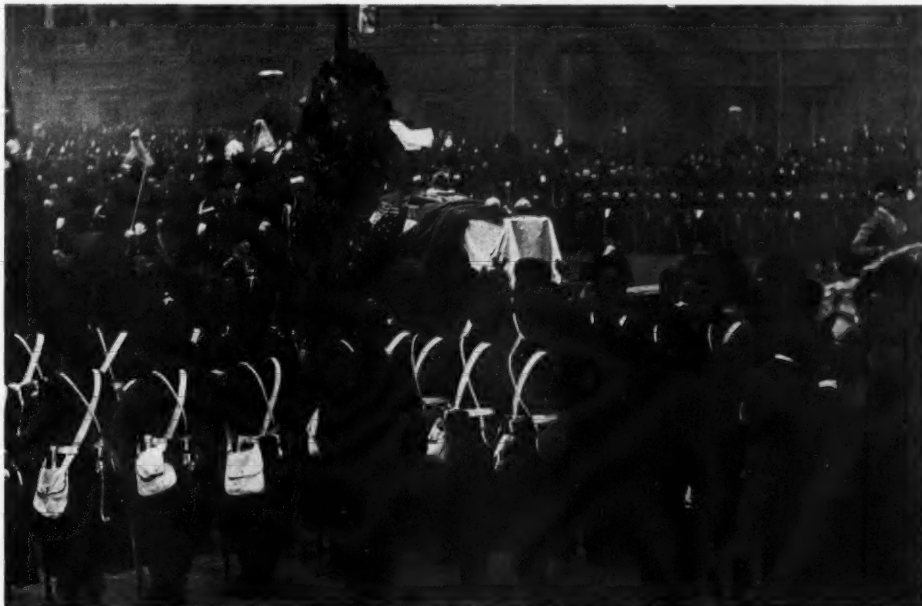
THE CARRIAGE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA

"COUNTRY LIFE."

concernings of a hundred kinds, she would no doubt have expressed the desire that the ships which were her kingdom's walls of iron and tempered steel, should take their part in that last grand ceremonial on sea and land in which she was to play the first and most

valuable part. Sailors, from admiral to midshipman and blue-jacket and powder monkey, there would have been in any case, for "military" in this great case, and from its very nature, meant naval and military. The accident, the coincidence, that the reaper's scythe swung forward at a moment when the Queen was at Osborne, and when the sea over which she held undisputed dominion for sixty-four years lay between her and the body of her long-lost and

dearly-loved husband, did but serve to make the projected pageant more grand, more stately, more magnificent, and more affecting than it could otherwise have been. But pageant, in the fullest and most complete sense of the word, it was always intended to be. Was there in this wish of the quietest and the most modest of women a savour of personal vanity, or of thought concerning herself or her glory a moment's suspicion? Most assuredly not. The Queen wished that, since she had reigned well, and since she had lived purely; since her influence upon her generation had been without parallel or precedent; and since her example of life was worthy to be followed, her funeral should be an abiding memory for the benefit of generations yet unborn, as well as for those who had the inestimable privilege to gaze upon it, here or there, if it were but for a moment. Little children by the thousand looked upon that marvellous procession, heard the guns, saw the gun-carriage with its pall



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THE CASKET OF ENGLAND'S SORROW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

antiquated paddles and gilded stern, glided past the floating castles of England and of many civilised races, while the great guns belched forth thunder and sulphurous smoke, one taking up another from end to end of a line seven or eight miles long. But

of satin and gold, felt the flashing of the jewels in the crown, gazed upon the Kings and Princes who followed Victoria on her long journey to the grave and to rest, and above all things drank in the grief of the silent populace assembled in inconceivable multitudes; and their mothers whispered to them, "Thus shall it be done to the Queen whom the people delighteth to honour." It was Demos, the many-tongued, the fickle, the varying, the uncertain, that was the great feature of Saturday's pageant. For once in the history of man *Vox Populi* was really *Vox Dei*, and that at a moment when never a word was spoken, and every head was bared, and every heart was full.

Our pictures, the precise subjects of which speak for themselves in the titles, have been chosen with a special object. Of so sacred a scene as that in the dining-room at Osborne the hand of man could give a more complete and accurate idea than the finest photograph, for the light of day, and therefore the sun as artist, was rigidly

excluded from that holy of holies. But when it comes to a matter of procession, as it did down York Avenue from Osborne to East Cowes, or at the foot of the hill where Lord Roberts had spoken but a few weeks before, or in London during that awe-inspiring progress, or at Windsor when the "Handy Man," always ready in an emergency, took the place of the jibbing and insensate horses, the sun can beat the man out of hand. For the sea procession, on the other hand, the man can beat the sun, but only at the expense of truth. We have seen many hurried pictures, drawn by man's hand with infinite skill and craft, of the scene in Cowes Roads when the "Alberta," an old-fashioned toy of a ship, with



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PASSING THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

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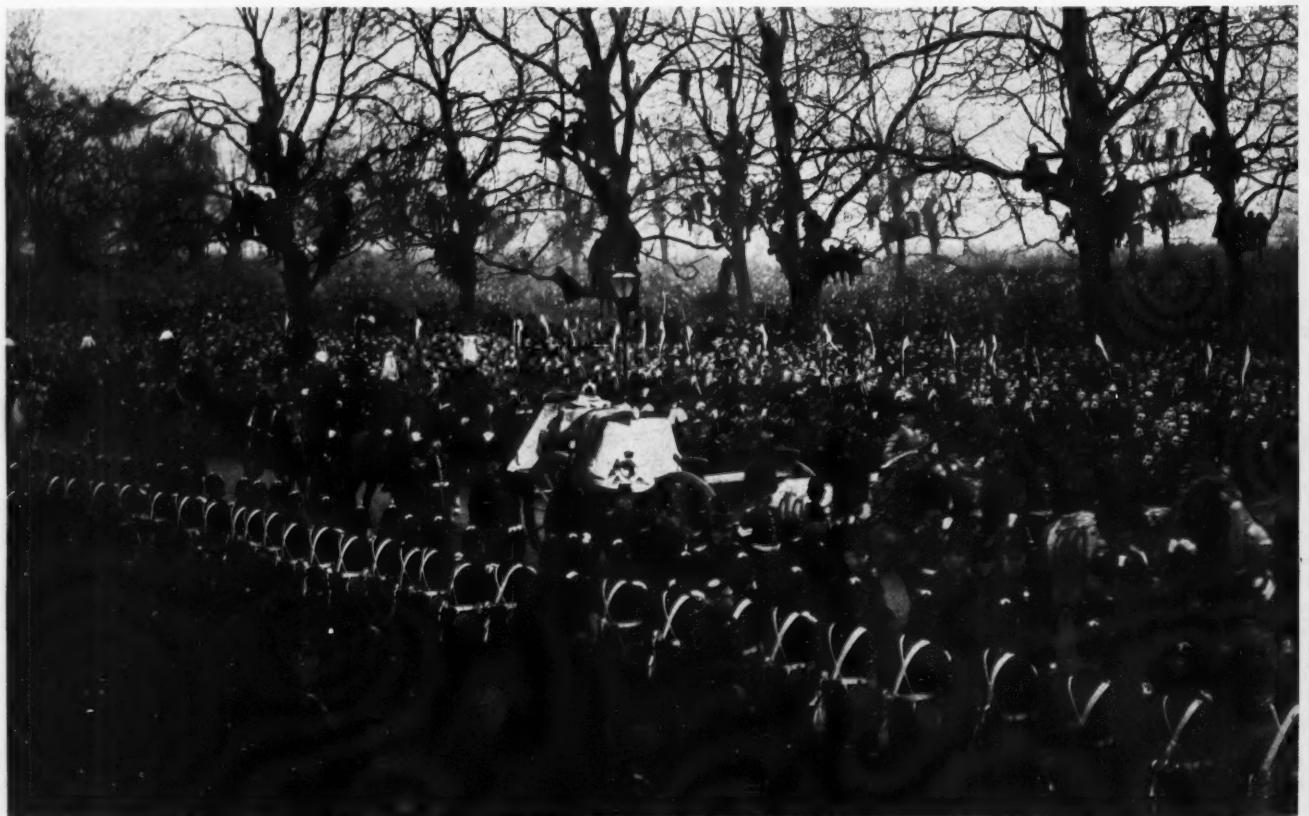
ROYAL UNCLE AND IMPERIAL NEPHEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

not one of them conjures up the scene, not one of them makes the ear seem to ache, and the heart grow sad as one seems to hear again the roar from "Australia" and "Alexandra," and from the R.Y.S. Castle, followed by reports growing fainter and fainter in the distance, until those of the huge Japanese "Hatsuse," and of the curious French "Dupuy de Lôme," at Spithead, sound like beats of a distant drum. The impressiveness of the scene consisted mainly in the great length of the line, in the distance of about a quarter of a mile—which is more easily to be understood than two and a half cables—between

each vessel, whereas the artists with the hand, almost to a man, have crowded the canvas in quite an impossible manner, causing the ships to jostle one another as if they were silly sheep in a pen. The result may be art, but it is unreal, unhistorical.

Far otherwise is it with the sun-pictures. They are historical documents, and, although it is by no means true that the sun cannot lie in awkward or over-clever hands, it is plain on the face of these that they are true as death. Moreover, we ourselves, that is to say the man who writes and the man who took the photographs in London, are in a position to state with



THROUGH HYDE PARK.

complete conviction, certainty, and knowledge that they are absolutely true and accurate. Anyone could have taken the East Cowes photographs, for great as the crowds were, there was plenty of room for spectators; but to have taken the London photographs without special privileges, to have produced those marvellous portraits of the King, the Emperor, the sailors, and the colonial representatives, and, above all, of that white-palld coffin, enshrined in which is all that was mortal of a virgin soul, of a woman who was the mother of her people, and in spite of many sorrows *llawen fam flant*, a joyful mother of children, a grandmother, and a great-grandmother would have been impossible. As triumphs of the photographic skill in catching a view, exercised in such fashion as to offend nobody—which is all too rare—secured by seizing opportunities in the face of immense difficulty, they are signal triumphs, and we commend them to the nation and to posterity as evidence beyond cavil or criticism of the greatest occasion within the memory of living Englishmen. Words may exaggerate, the writer may be accused of exaggeration, an enemy might say that the estimates of millions who went to immense pains for a glimpse of the Queen's coffin were in excess of the truth. But there are the people, seething, straining, gazing. There is the King, God bless him! looking every inch the head of a mighty people as he rides and as he walks. There is the German Emperor, a Field-Marshal of the British Army, and the colonel of one of the finest regiments



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A FRACTION OF THE CROWD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in the Service, the nephew of the King, the sorrowing grandson of that Queen of men and Queen among women who has passed away, now walking and now riding in the same procession with Lord Roberts, and with others who have returned from that weary war in South Africa. There may be and there are those abroad who will not like the picture, who will believe it to possess more of political significance than we are by any means disposed to give to it, but there it is beyond denial. The heads of the two Empires which could dictate terms to the civilised globe, if they pleased, are walking side by side in common sorrow, and, in our judgment, the sorrow is uppermost, and political considerations are absolutely removed from the mind of either. But, should the European crisis ever come, there is no reasonable doubt that Edward VII. and the German Emperor, remembering these days of common affliction, would work hand in hand as descendants of the Queen for the maintenance of "the inestimable blessing of peace." That is the lesson which the funeral scenes, as they are faithfully set forth in the pictures, impress and enforce in a fashion which cannot be misunderstood. Let us learn it, and think over it, and act upon it.

One inevitable omission in these pictures and in this running commentary on the events of a marvellous and memorable day we sincerely regret. To the end of time, so many are the accounts and so diverse are even the faithful impressions of bystanders, there never will be any complete unity of opinion as to what actually occurred outside the Great Western station at Windsor when the Queen's coffin was placed upon the gun-carriage. Did that wheel horse, which the whole of the King's gunners, Horse Artillery and Field Artillery of one mind, would like to see offered for a burnt sacrifice, kick and plunge and rear, or did it simply "jib," showing that vice which reduces driver or rider to absolute despair? For on so solemn an occasion it was clearly impossible to apply the old-world remedy and to burn a truss of straw under the recalcitrant brute. Or was it simply the case that the mettlesome horses of the Royal Horse Artillery, trained to do their work mainly at the gallop, and to merit that glorious description of them, "breathing fire and smoke," which Napier penned once and for all, could not come down to that funereal pace which was appropriate to the day? Or were their joints so stiff with cold and waiting that they simply could not move up that sharp gradient which leads from the station to the main street with a ponderous load behind them? No man or woman who was not an actual eye-witness, and probably but few of the newspaper reporters were that, can ever feel sure upon the point, and of those who were present it may almost be said that they have as many views as there are individuals to express them. The Courts



ENTERING PADDINGTON STATION.

of Justice alone know how many contradictory views there may be of a simple matter of fact, which ought, one would think, to be as plain as a pikestaff; and the diversity of versions is to be accounted for by the fact that the brain is at such crises taken by surprise and omits to observe.

A photograph of a horse rearing, for example, might have gone some way to settle the question. But we have it not. It remains therefore to express our heartfelt sympathy with the officers and men who were, by no fault of their own, deprived of a precious honour and privilege; there is probably not one of them who would not gladly have suffered grievous injury to avert the misfortune. But after that comes the reflection that life has its compensations.

The programme was broken, but the effect was better by far than the original conception would have been if it had been carried out. Whether the inspiration came from Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton (who is becoming to the reporter a kind of Divinity, a person who is always expected to be ready to act as the *Deus ex machina*), or whether the lieutenant in command, as is more likely, gave the order, we know not. But the world knows the effect; it was that the horses disappeared, that with the help of the traces of the full team and of the spare traces which are always taken in case of emergency under the gun-carriage, the sturdy bluejackets rolled up the hill and along the appointed route with the gun-carriage, the gun, and the coffin behind them. It was a glorious spectacle, and it has been said, beautifully and we trust with truth, that in such fashion had our late Queen wished to be drawn to her rest, but that her natural kindness reminded her that the physical strain on the men would be very great. As for them, they gloried in their unexpected honour; it was the crowning moment of their lives; and when the great west doors of St. George's Chapel opened, disclosing the archbishops and the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, it is not too much to say that a thrill of sober delight and thankfulness ran through the illustrious assemblage. It saw, framed as a picture by the archway, the sailors of the Queen straining at the ropes while they drew the Mistress of the Seas to her



Bender and Lewis.

THE NAVY'S OPPORTUNITY.

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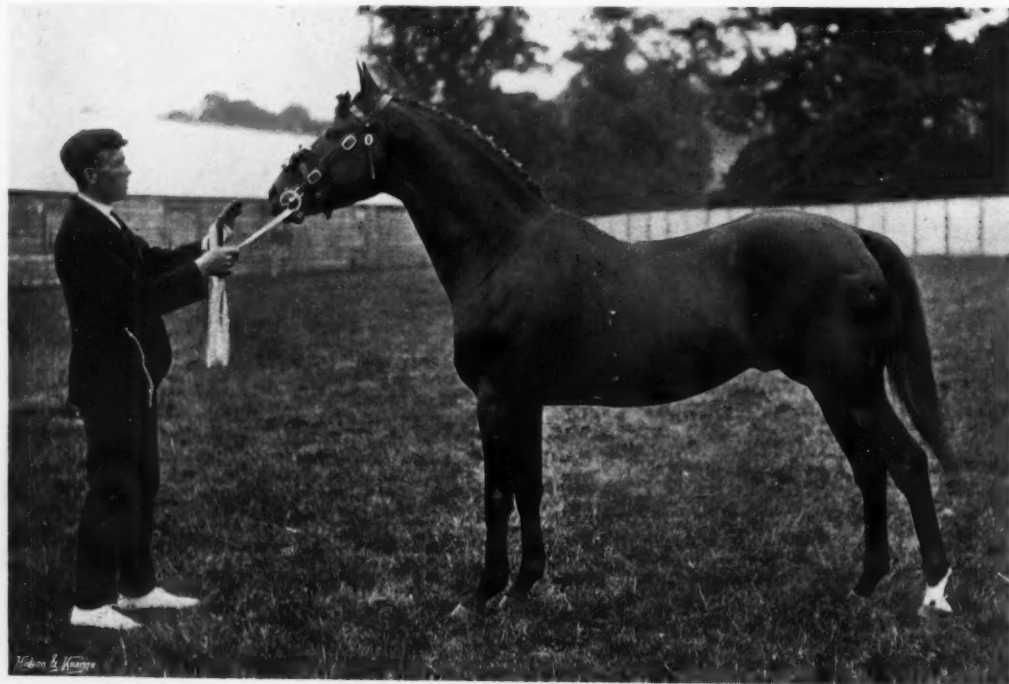
last rest. It was glorious beyond precedent and beyond expectation.

THE ELSENHAM STUD.

FEW men have more thoroughly earned the gratitude of British agriculturists than Sir Walter Gilbey, and his services are all the more to be valued because they have been given by one who has had his own way to make

in the world, and whose life, therefore, has been a peculiarly full and busy one. Sir Walter is a native of Bishop's Stortford, and as he began life in the estate office at Tring, it may well be that there he imbibed the love of animals and the taste

for country pursuits that form one aspect of a many-sided mind. In his recently-published history of animal painters, he has shown the world a love of art that was manifest enough to those who knew that Elsenham Hall was crowded with treasures dear to the *virtuoso*—the pictures of Morland and Stubbs, of Reinagh, Marshall, Herring, and other noted painters of animal life. As a breeder his name is of long standing. It was after the Crimean War that he and his brother started the gigantic business associated with their name. A good many years after, when living at Hargrave Park, Stansted, he kept a fine herd of Jerseys; but it was not until he came to Elsenham that his passion for horses, one of the dominant notes of his life, found adequate expression. Started more than twenty years ago with only a few animals, the stud now comprises more than one hundred and fifty horses, and includes the thorough-bred, hackney, hunter, and polo



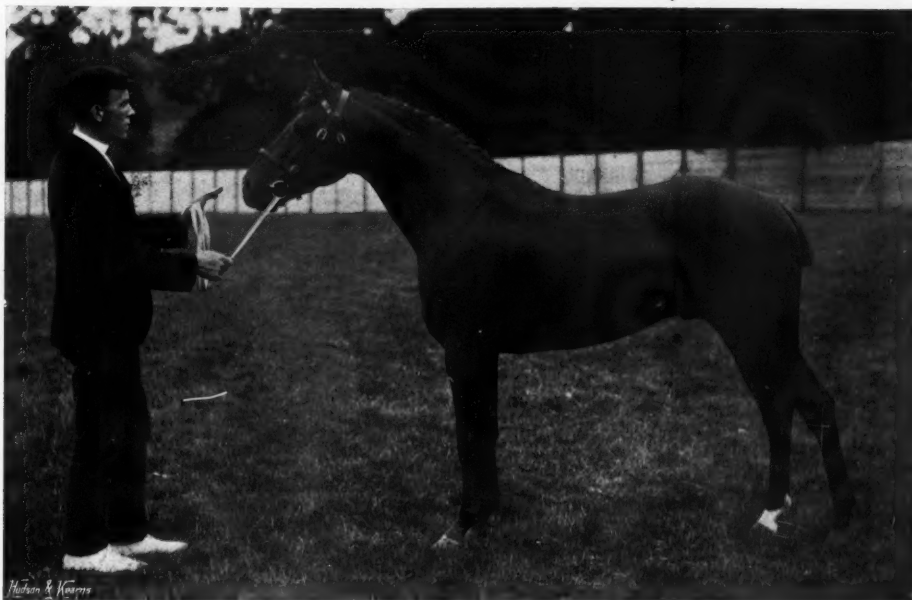
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ROSEWATER.

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breeds among the light horses; while the Shire horse has a prominent place, and the Shetlands have a capital representative in the piebald pony stallion, Good Friday, 9h. high, and a well-known winner.

To begin with Shires, it was in 1877 that Sir Walter, who had been giving attention to the question of horse-breeding, formed a little company for the purchase of two Shire stallions. The experiment proved successful, and since then Sir Walter Gilbey has been prominently associated with every new step towards the perfecting and popularising of this breed. He started his Shire Horse Show in 1880, the year in which the first Stud Book was issued. The society, which went under the name of the Old English Cart-horse Society till it was changed to the Shire Horse Society, was generously supported by him from its beginning—much of its success does the London Show owe to him—and in 1888 he published "The Old English War Horse; or the Great Horse as it appears at intervals during the centuries of its development into the Shire Horse." We need only allude to the work he has done in connection with the Cart-horse Parade on Whit-Monday and



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LORD POLO.

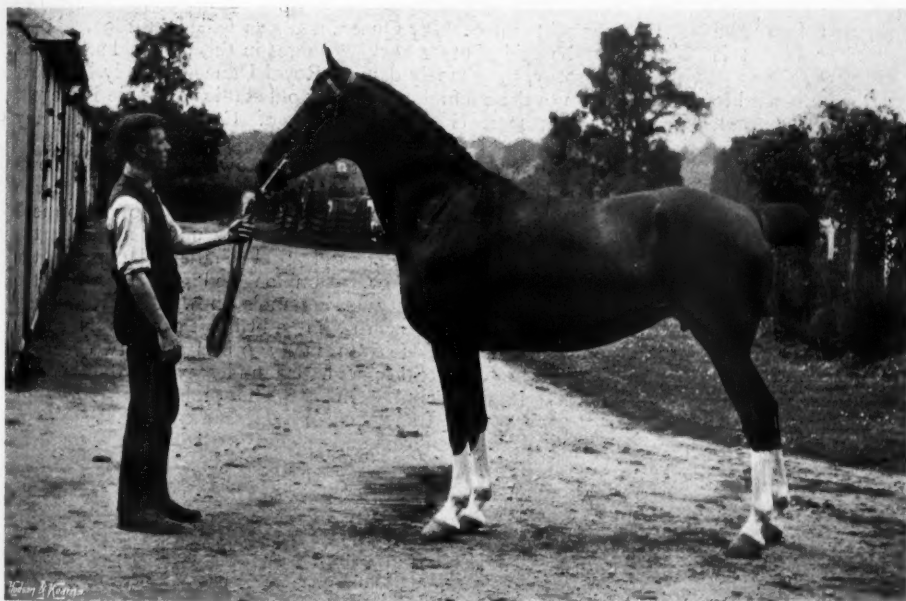
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in support of that admirable body the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution.

As specimens of the Shires we give illustrations of the famous sire BLYTHWOOD CONQUEROR and SAXON KITTY. The bay stallion is a typical and weighty example of the breed. He was foaled in 1893, and is by Hitchin Conqueror out of Blythwood Beautiful, a daughter of Lord Llangattock's grand horse, Harold, whose pedigree, it need hardly be said, goes back to the celebrated Lancashire horse, Honest Tom, as does that of Hitchin Conqueror. On both sides, then, his blood is of the best. He has had a brilliant career in the show-ring. As a foal, in 1893, he was at four important shows twice first and twice champion; but 1895 was his year, when he won the Essex champion cup, the gold medal of the Shire Horse Society, and had two firsts in addition.

Saxon Kitty is a bay mare of the highest class, who has been a winner whenever shown. She was foaled in 1896, her sire being Prince William, by that most successful stud horse, William the Conqueror, sire to three London champions—the aforesaid Prince William, winner in 1885 and 1888; Staunton Hero, winner in 1886; and Hitchin Conqueror, winner in 1890. Her dam was Olinda, by Royal Albert. In 1897 she was first at the Norfolk Show and at Tring, and second at the Waltham Cross and Three Counties. Next year she carried off first and gold medal at the Bath and West, first and champion at the Essex County Show, and first at Waltham Cross. During the year 1900 she took the breeder's prize at the London Show, a second at the Norfolk Show, a first and challenge cup at the Great Chesterford Show, a second at Tring, and a third at Waltham Cross, being shown with a foal at the three last-mentioned places. There are, it scarcely needs saying, many other Shires at Elsenham with records equally as good as those of Blythwood Conqueror and Saxon Kitty.

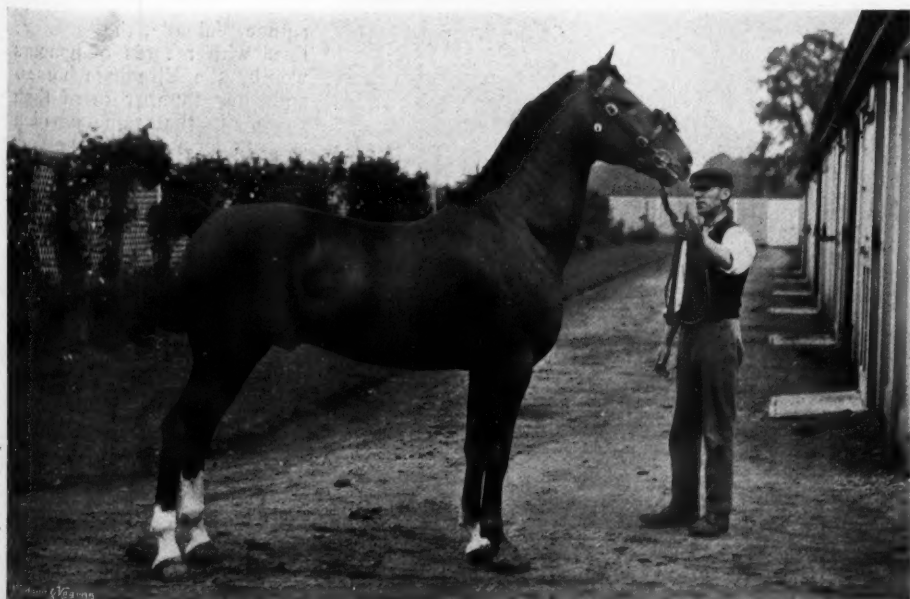
During the later part of last year, however, Sir Walter Gilbey figured most in the public eye as an owner of light horses, thanks chiefly to the brilliant Paris victory of that good old hackney, Hedon Squire. He is a



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BONNIE CLARA.

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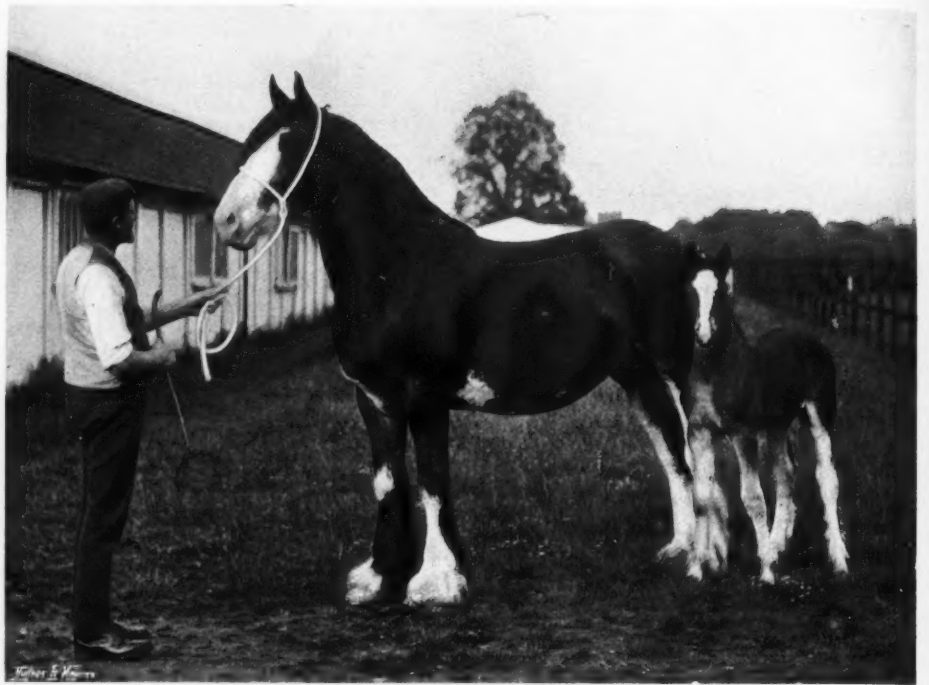
ROYAL DANEGELT.

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bay, foaled in 1891, standing a little over 15h., and with an action not surpassed by that of any living horse. He was sired by Rufus, and his pedigree traces through Vigorous, Norfolk Gentleman, three Great Guns, Performer Prickwillow, Norfolk Phenomenon, and Norfolk Cob, to Fireaway, his dam, Polly (494), leading back to the same source by a different line. It would take a great deal of space to enumerate his triumphs from 1893, when he carried off five firsts, till 1900, when he beat everything at Paris, winning the first prize and gold medal in the hackney stallion class, championship and gold medal for all breeds except French, and—this being awarded by a jury of Frenchmen—grand championship and gold medal for all breeds, including French. The total value of the prize-money he has won, exclusive of the value of medals, up to the present time is £420. It was not the only occasion of his having to compete against foreigners, as he took first at the Brussels International Show in 1897. In 1899 he covered himself with glory at the home shows by winning first, champion, and gold medal at the Crystal Palace, first at Hull, first Hackney Horse Society's gold medal, Prince of Wales's gold medal at Edinburgh, and first and champion plate at Edinburgh. It would be hard to beat this record in equine history.

The well-known ROYAL DANEGELT is no unworthy second to Hedon Squire. He is a chestnut, foaled in 1894; sire Danegelt (174), by Denmark, by Sir Charles, and his dam Dorothy, by Lord Derby. He has had a very successful career, though on several occasions outshone by Hedon Squire. In 1896 he was first in his class and reserve champion at London, and first and champion at Leicester. Next year he took exactly the same honours at London, and a first, champion, and gold medal at Manchester. In 1898 he took first, silver cup, challenge cup, and gold medal at London, and was first and reserve champion in 1897, equalling this performance in 1900. GAY CONNAUGHT, a chestnut foaled in 1895, is a brother of Royal Danegelt, being by Connaught out of Dorothy; the blood is almost the same on the sire's side, as Connaught, like Danegelt, was by Denmark. His trophies include firsts at such important shows as the Royal at Birmingham, Sussex (1898), Crystal Palace, Eastbourne, Royal Counties (1900), Essex and Sussex (1900).

To these, though space is precious, we must add a word or two about BONNIE CLARA, the chestnut hackney mare who took first and gold medal at the International Show at Paris. Before that she had taken firsts at the Royal Counties (1900), London (1900), Belfast, and other shows. She is by



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SAXON KITTY.

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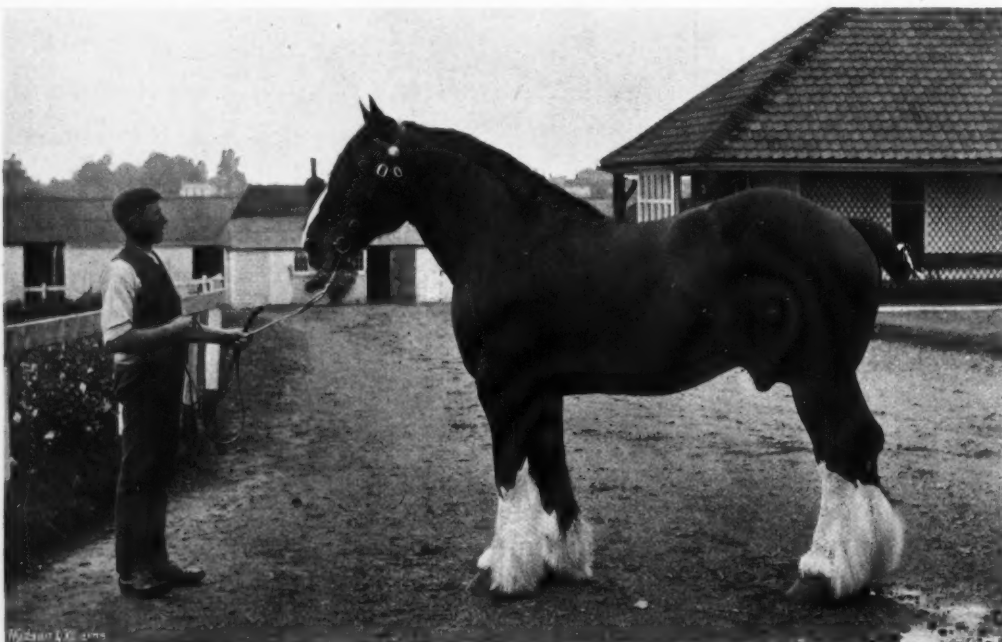
Connaught out of May Queen, and was foaled in 1892. Much might be said of other hackney mares in this splendid stud, such as Dorothy, the shapely dam of Royal Danegelt, Lady Dorothy, the dam of the champion two year old stallion, Bonnie Danegelt, Lady Durham, Garton, Duchess of Connaught, and many more.

In ROSEWATER Sir Walter Gilbey owns a well-known polo sire who has never been beaten in the ring. The old bay, who was foaled as far back as 1883, is too well known to need description, especially as he came greatly under notice in the year 1900, winning first and gold challenge cup at the London Polo Pony Show, champion and gold medal at the Royal Agricultural Society of England's Show at York, and first at Tunbridge Wells, thus crowning a brilliant career. Nor is he a show horse only. He won many prizes as a two year old under Jockey Club Rules, and also under National Pony and Galloway Racing Club Rules. Thorough-bred, he is by Rosicrucian out of Lady Day II. Rosewater is the sire of LORD POLO, the handsome little chestnut who has figured so brilliantly since he began to be shown in 1895.

Although much has to be omitted, a word must be said about Good Friday, the little piebald Shetland stallion who, during the last twelve years, has brought many honours to Elsenham. It is all that time since he took first at the Royal Botanical Gardens, London.

How slight an idea all this gives of the magnificent studs at

Elsenham, may be inferred from the fact that in the pavilion, which is a sort of equine Valhalla, the walls are lined with records of honours won by the Elsenham horses, and they number more than 1,000. In that same pavilion is a rug formed from the skin of Danegelt, most renowned of hackney sires, whose remains are interred in the middle of the lawn. It may be remembered that Sir Walter gave 5,000 guineas rather than see this great horse go out of England. At a single show—that of the Hackney Society held in London in 1894—Danegelt was the sire of no fewer than eighteen of the winners. Not far from the pavilion is the riding school, a capital exercising ground in wet weather, and also a most convenient place for holding the sales. The walks and drives surrounding the buildings are very pretty, and seemingly enjoyed much by a stately peacock that lords it



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BLYTHWOOD CONQUEROR.

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among the rose and lavender bushes planted here in great profusion. Coming to the private stables, we find Sir Walter sticking to the old-fashioned mode of travelling, and his beautiful grey posting-horses and yellow carriages are well known. In the private gardens a breed of wild turkeys attracts attention, and wherever the eye turns there is evidence of the care and interest manifested in all that pertains to animal life. The well-appointed dairy, the herd of pedigree Jerseys, and the shapely little Dexter cattle, almost deserve a chapter to themselves. Everything, in fact, goes to show the strong and simple love of country life and country pursuits that is Sir Walter's passion and his relief from business. Nor would it be fair to end without pointing out how unselfishly it has been gratified. Some men choose a fad and pursue it merely for their own amusement; Sir Walter Gilbey has turned his to patriotic account. He is one of the few men in England to whom cultivators of the soil owe a debt of gratitude for long and practical service, freely and ungrudgingly performed by one who is as loyal to the public welfare as he is faithful to private and, in many cases, humble friends.

IN THE . . . GARDEN.

THE SWEET PEA.

AS we have already mentioned in COUNTRY LIFE, the time for giving seed orders has arrived, and those who apply first are first served—an important consideration. Of late years much interest has been taken in the perfumed flower of the summer and early autumn, the Sweet Pea, a delightful accompaniment to the most cherished border perennials, and offering an unending supply of blossom, as dainty in form as varied in colour, for many weeks. The writer may be pardoned for devoting much of the space this week to the Sweet Pea, honoured last year by having a conference to itself, and represented by many varieties, some too much alike to merit distinctive titles, others unusual and beautiful in form and colour. The selection given has been prepared with great care, and represents the most worthy in the long list. No annual flower is more important for cutting, and charming schemes of colour may be arranged. A friend writes me about the Sweet Pea in 1900 and the drought. He says: "It is a remarkable fact that the year 1900, in spite of the long-continued heat and drought, proved to be one of the best seasons on record for the Sweet Peas. Until quite late autumn these continued in many places to give a wealth of lovely blossom. A distinct and remarkable freak is the dwarf Cupid strain. Though of little value for cutting, the varieties are useful for the border. There are several beautiful and distinct kinds. For pot culture they are admirably adapted."

TIMELY CULTURAL HINTS.

Although it may appear very early in the year to write of annual flowers, it must not be forgotten that orders have to be given, and the old haphazard ways of sowing are not the best. The old plan was to sow a few mixed seeds in a row, and to trust to a good year to bring forth a bountiful flower harvest; but pretty as mixtures are, we enjoy groups of one colour, and when the flowers are intended for exhibition, this is a necessary method. We write about the exhibition for the reason that so many amateurs now enjoy entering into the floral tournaments and winning prizes. If the Sweet Pea exhibition of last year be repeated in 1901, another opportunity will occur of trying one's skill. Whether Sweet Peas are for the garden alone or to give exhibition flowers too, thorough preparation of the soil is needful. Dig deep and well, and the soil must be made ready by thorough trenching and adding well-decayed farmyard manure. Many growers declare that it is essential to change the ground every year, as the soil gets "sick" of one thing; but in one of the largest gardens in England, where Sweet Peas are made much of and grown exceedingly well, the plants have been cultivated upon the same piece of ground for the past ten years, the soil being deeply dug and manured annually. After trenching, leave the surface quite rough for wind, rain, and frost to sweeten, and a liberal dressing of soot or wood ashes is beneficial. When the soil is very heavy, incorporate with it old mortar rubble and some road sand or sweepings. In the first week in April fork over the soil to a depth of gin., and make the surface smooth for the seed.

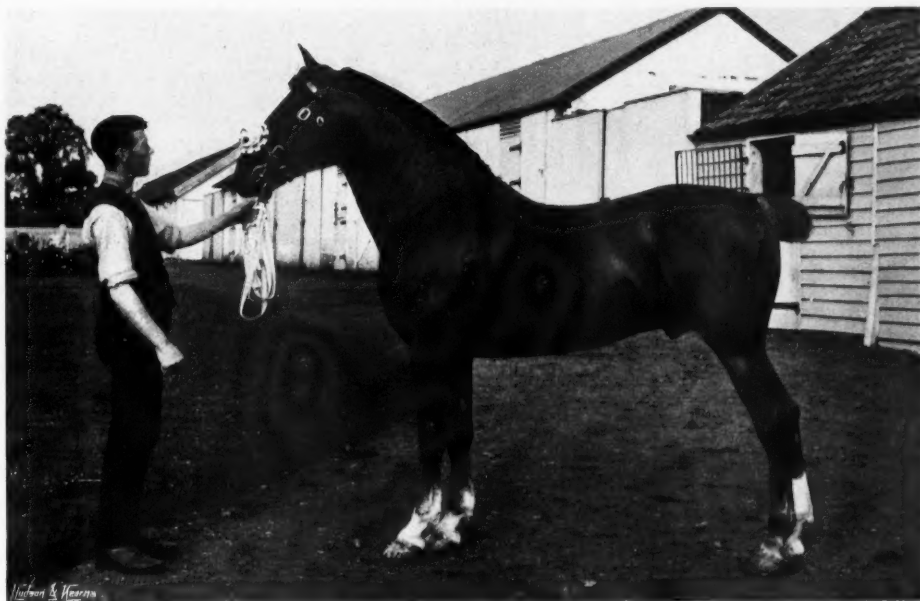
SOWING THE SEED IN POTS.

The writer always raises his Sweet Pea seed in pots; and why? Because thus grown the plants are sturdy when put out, the seed is safe from the ravages of rats and mice, and it is possible to regulate the distance at which the seedlings should be apart. The pots to use are those known as large 60 size; they should be clean, and filled about three-quarters full of soil such as one would pot geraniums in, viz., a mixture of loam, leaf mould, well-decayed manure, and a dash of sharp silver sand. Put seven seeds in each pot, and transfer to a frame. Carefully avoid high temperatures. The young plants must grow naturally, and if drawn up or weakly through artificial heat, time and plants are wasted; far better to have sown the seed in the open ground. Cover the seed with soil, and place a mouse-trap in the frame, in case mice are troublesome. Make three sowings at various dates. A very successful grower of Sweet Peas last year sowed on March 7th, a week later, and also on March 21st, planting out all three sowings on April 18th. It is very important to thoroughly harden the plants before transferring them to the open ground.

Put them out in groups, with ample distance between each seedling to ensure a thoroughly healthy development. Around each clump place cinder ashes, to prevent slugs discovering the juicy seedlings. When planting also stake with pea sticks, such as one would use for the ordinary culinary kinds.

AFTER-MANAGEMENT.

It may be thought that Sweet Peas require no "culture," but those who are growing this beautiful annual for the first time must remember that the plants quickly succumb to neglect. Keep the growths regulated, water liberally in dry weather, and syringe on summer evenings. The writer sprinkles artificial manure about the soil every fortnight, never allowing the preparation to touch the plants. When it is intended to exhibit, weak liquid manure is helpful. Remove all expanded flowers ten days before the show, and never allow seeds to mature. (If any reader intends to exhibit Sweet Peas, and wishes for assistance, questions should be asked in the usual way.) Giving directions for growing show flowers may not be acceptable to the general reader. But whether for show or for the table, no group or row of plants will keep in flower if seeds form. The plant cannot stand a double burden, and through permitting



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GAY CONNAUGHT.

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seed-pods, Sweet Peas are flowerless, and "rusty" long before the summer has gone.

THE LIST OF VARIETIES.

This is of great importance, and we hope this carefully-made selection will be helpful. Many Sweet Peas are much alike, and readers are nonplussed as to the kinds to select when a large number are practically synonymous. The writer has been assisted in making this selection by a large private grower.

Novelties last year.—Of the new kinds shown last year, and to be sent out during the present season, the following are meritorious: Lady M. Ormsby-Gore, a very prettily-coloured variety, with flowers carried on long stems, hence their value for cutting—the colour is buff with pink suffusion; Miss Willmott, a beautiful orange-flowered variety, with broad robust petals; the Hon. Mrs. E. Kenyon, a very large, deep primrose flower; and Coccinea, cerise.

Crimson.—Cardinal, Salopian.

White.—Sadie Burpee, probably the most useful of all Sweet Peas, the flowers of purest white, large, and borne on plants of strong growth; it is also very free. Blanche Burpee is another well-known white variety, and many appreciate one called Emily Henderson.

Maroon.—Duke of Clarence, Othello, Stanley.

Orange.—Four have been selected of this colour, all shades, and very distinct. Chancellor is very bright, the standards, or upper segments, being of intense colour and lasting well; Countess of Powis, a pure orange self; Gorgeous; and Lady Marie Currie.

Pink is a popular colour, and none are prettier than Royal Robe, a very delicate tint, Hon. F. Bouverie, coral colour, Prima donna, soft pink, flowers very large, produced with great freedom, Countess of Lathom, with long stems, and Duchess of Westminster, apricot touched with pink.

Blush.—Duchess of Sutherland, white and pink, a lovely flower; Mrs. Fitzgerald, cream and rose, a very long-stemmed variety, and the plant of robust growth.

Lemon and Cream.—This is a delightful section, and one of the best is Crown Jewel, of which the flowers are touched with pale rose and cream, a soft association of pretty colourings. Lemon Queen is much as its name suggests.

Pink and White and Rose.—Of pinky white Sweet Peas, very charming are Duke of York and Empress of India, and of pure rose there is a large assortment. A recent kind is Lord Mayor, which has a large flower of rose magenta, not pleasing to everyone, but certainly distinct and effective. Prince of Wales, brilliant rose, very free, Royal Robe, rose pink, and Her Majesty and Ovid.

Lavender.—This is a beautiful colour, and in every garden a variety of this type should be grown. Countess of Radnor still remains the most popular, but Lady Nina Balfour, soft greyish mauve, and Lady Grisel Hamilton, free, and with large flowers, are also important, especially the last-named.

Purple.—One good purple variety will suffice. Purple Prince is very handsome, the standards maroon and wings purple, a rich association of colour. Monarch is a very large flower, with intense blue wings.

Blue.—Countess Cadogan, very distinct, because of the contrast of violet-toned standards and sky-blue wings, Emily Eckford, blue, touched with mauve, and Navy Blue, a deep shade.

Lilac and Mauve.—Of the former colour, Lady Skelmersdale is about the best. There is a mixture of rose and lilac in the flower. Of the mauve Sweet

Peas, make a note of the Duke of Westminster, pure mauve, a very robust and free kind in every way. Fascination is another excellent kind.

Other Colours.—A splendid scarlet is Prince Edward of York; the flower is not entirely scarlet, for the wings are rose. Primrose is a pale primrose colour, and Queen Victoria also is primrose. Of striped varieties which are not of much account in the garden, at least, that is our opinion, select from: America, with scarlet stripes; Aurora, white and orange salmon; Mrs. J. Chamberlain, white, with rose veining; and Senator, cream, with chocolate stripes. Any one variety in these groups may be chosen with the full knowledge that it will give satisfaction. Purchase good seed; it is wiser to pay a higher price for the best seed than to risk failure and dissatisfaction through sowing an inferior article.

HARDY MAIDENHAIR FERNS.

A fern-lover writes: "Adiantum capillus-veneris and its varieties are among the most beautiful of hardy Ferns. Though naturally considered hardy, it is only in sheltered positions that they succeed or live through the winter, that is in severe weather. Treated as cool greenhouse Ferns, they are seen at their best. They may be grown in pots, but are more adapted for the rock Fernery. Their spreading rhizomes will cling to any moist substance, rock-stone, brick wall, or any porous substance where there is sufficient moisture. Seedlings will often spring up and cover a large surface, and if left to themselves will form a vernal covering to what otherwise would be an unsightly or bare wall. In planting on a rockery they should be given positions where they can spread without being overrun by stronger-growing Ferns. As pot plants they are equally desirable, but they require more surface. Shallow pots or pans are preferable to the ordinary pots. They should have good drainage and a rough porous compost. Although they require more moisture and shade than many Ferns, over-watering is an evil, and they do not succeed well where they are too much overshadowed by other plants. The ordinary species is very pretty, and when raised from spores there will be some variation. I have seen some with quite large pinnules. Culture will make some difference in this respect, and few ferns more readily respond to literal treatment than these Maidenhairsts."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist readers in difficulties concerning their gardens. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.

A GARDEN GATEWAY AT PENSHURST.

WE present to our readers a very quaint, beautiful, and suggestive garden picture, which carries the mind to the classic land of Sidney's "Arcadia," and to the scenes and haunts well loved by the hero of Zutphen, and the famous men and beautiful women of his historic line.

"Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polish'd pillars, or a roof of gold;
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told;
Or stair, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And (these grudging at) art revered the while."

So says Ben Jonson; but if Penshurst has not these things, it presents many delightful scenes such as we depict. While, therefore, with Southey we tread, "As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts, The groves of Penshurst," not forgetting Waller and his Sacharissa, we learn some things of present, and, in one sense, of practical profit. We discern certain marked characters of garden beauty, and see how simple is the charm of seclusion won by unobtrusive means. A gateway in olden times, being the portal of hospitality, or the entry, as in this case at Penshurst, to a sweet and radiant world, was invariably adorned. Here is nothing imposing; there is no attempt to impress the beholder, but only the lofty piers uplifting those balls of stone to hold the beautiful iron gates between. Yews and yew hedges, a garden stair, and a vista beyond, are the features that compose this charming picture. There is a sense of sweet seclusion in this corner of the Penshurst garden. The mellow brick and the green yews are meet companions to give picturesqueness to this nook in the realm of Arcady, and to lend their air of venerable antiquity to the scene.

COURSING ON THE MARSHES.

PEOPLE who only see coursing at big meetings, where the element of competition is everything, miss much of the most attractive part of that ancient sport. When two or three owners of high-class young dogs meet for a few hours to try the young ones quietly at home, enough of varied interest is often crowded into a morning to satisfy the most fervent observer of the ways of dogs, men, and hares. Let me set out the plain story of a morning on the marshes early in January in proof of what I say. The dogs were a brace of brindled puppies, nephew and niece of that great and

estimable dog Fullerton; also a brace of large black dogs, about sixteen months old; and a most elegant pair of small reds, rather older, of which the bitch had won an important stake last year. The Fullerton puppies, if I may call them so, had scarcely run before. The ground on which the morning was spent was perfect, and I believe unequalled. Miles of flat, sound, reclaimed marsh, bounded in front by a sea-wall bank, and at the back by cultivated land, lay before us. It was full of hares, being part of one of the greatest game estates in England. More than that, it was also full of other game, which, though it did not concern the matter of the hour, added much to the beauty of the scene. Cock pheasants would hurtle up under the dogs' noses, as they trotted beside their leaders, causing them to prick up their ears and raise their heads in mild surprise. Seagulls were floating above the drains and dykes, and here and there a pair of ducks rose from the "splashes," or a broad-winged heron pitched himself forward and flapped across the misty flats. The only thing amiss was that some of the hares were suffering from an epidemic which threatens disaster at no distant date to the stock on this unrivalled marsh.

The "lines of interest" were mainly doggy, but not entirely. Our host, the owner of the red pair, and perhaps the keenest of the party, was seventy-six, and had lived in the fine old house looking across the marshes for that respectable era, and had gone coursing ever since he could run. The Fullerton pair were a neighbour's, and the blacks were owned by another leading organiser of East Anglian coursing, who acted as slipper to each pair in turn. Not the least amusing sight of the day was the crossing of the narrow and slippery planks, some gin wide, facetiously called bridges, over the 20ft. drains, whose brown waters, clouded with ice patches, looked like clear gravy-soup half cold. Taste and fancy vary as to how the business of walking the plank shall be managed. Some shuffle sideways, hooking their heels against the higher side of the plank, thus avoiding the fatal slide, but causing awful contortions to maintain equilibrium. Some try it fair and square, putting one foot before the other, because the plank is too narrow to do otherwise. In this attitude they look as if they were trying to carry out the proof of sobriety which an "expert," and eke a cabman, demanded recently to be allowed to give when run in for being "incapable," viz., walking down a straight line chalked on the floor.

But the transport of oneself is nothing to the feats accomplished in the way of carrying the dogs over these planks. I own that I was not a little puzzled when I saw the longest of the lads who were with us as walkers pick up a meek and uncomplaining greyhound under each arm, and, with their long legs and thin tails hanging down on either side, draped above by the "petticoat" which a greyhound's jacket makes when gripped round the middle in this fashion, step slowly and cautiously across the bridge. The reason was explained. Greyhounds, when coursing, are "doubles," as inseparable as the Siamese twins until slipped. The planks are much too narrow for them to trot over abreast, and if they are uncoupled there is always the chance that one may roam off just when wanted, or perhaps sight and course a hare. Also they have their clothes on, and if they slip off the bridge or get into the dyke they "wet their frocks." So the dog carrying continued throughout the morning, and with no mishap. The black pair were slipped first at a strong hare. Without giving all the correct detail, I may say that all three "flew" a wided rain, and getting into a broad flat marsh mown late in the season, showed as finished a piece of coursing as could be seen. The hare made straight for a distant cover, but long before she reached it the dogs, like two black automata, forged up, and she was forced to twist and turn towards the marsh. There hare and hounds made turn after turn, the dogs swinging after her at each wrench, like skaters doing a roll, until the elder of the pair turned her for the last time, and the bitch killed. This was all *en règle*, and satisfactory from what I may call the professional point of view; but the subsequent proceedings, if somewhat irregular, were more exciting. Good hares were not very plentiful at first, though several bad ones, or suspiciously dark ones, were let go. Two others, being coursed, were killed at once, and were found to be affected by the disease. Then a big, bouncing hare got up, and the two brindled dogs were slipped. The hare was not far from the dyke separating the marsh on which we were from a wetter one. The hare did not put on the pace at once, but made for the edge of the drain, pulled himself together just like a horse, and jumped, the dogs being at the time about 30yds. behind. It was his last jump, for on landing he broke his back and fell over, rolling down the bank between the dogs' feet as they alighted almost on it. The width of the drain was only 14ft. On examining the bank on which it alighted, it was found to be at a slope which is said to be especially dangerous to horses alighting after a water-jump, but the experienced coursers out had never seen a hare injured in the same way before. The next hare was more fortunate, and gave, to the outsider, as fine evidence of courage, cleverness, and speed as could be wished, the first two being qualities not generally credited to a hare. The Fullerton puppies were slipped, and went off with



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PENSHURST: A GATE AND TERRACE STEPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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IKEN DECOY POND.

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astonishing swiftness and "go." The hare was pressed at once. It went obliquely for a wide, deep dyke, and twisted on the bank instead of leaping it. This manœuvre threw the right-hand dog off its balance, down into the water, from which cold bath it emerged dripping, to join once more in the chase. The hare then came straight back for the line of walkers, with the bitch puppy, doing all she knew, after it. She reached out and struck her hare, just holding it for a moment. It got free, was turned thrice, and was then seized again by the back, the greyhound almost lying out at length on the ground. With a vigorous twitch the hare actually rolled herself out of the bitch's jaws, leaving on the ground a large square patch of fur. By this time the dog joined in. The hare then made for a gateway, twisted to the right, and turned again to the left, where a properly made and widish bridge, with side rails, crossed a 12ft. ditch full of water. The hare did not use the bridge, but jumped the ditch, and put the bridge rails, which were thick and heavy, between her and the dogs, who lost sight of her for a moment, just as they came up to the ditch. This gave them time to think, and in coursing he who hesitates, if not lost himself, loses his hare. The plucky hare hopped up the bank, and dropped over the sea-wall, saved; and well she fought for her life. Perhaps the best course of the morning, from the dogs' point of view, was a kill, single-handed, by our host's red bitch. The other dog did not see the hare, neither did the bitch at first. Then she sighted it 100yds. off, and flew after it "on her own." Nearly half a mile the two went across the marsh, till the hare was turned, and in due course driven straight back towards us. As the two drew near, coming "bows on," the instantaneous "follow on" of the greyhound to each swerve of the hare could be seen to perfection. The movements seemed simultaneous, with less difference of time than the wave of a whiplash. She killed her hare, at a considerable distance from us. We left off at lunch-time, after killing some seven or eight hares, and witnessing as pretty a morning's sport as could be wished in the first month of the year.

C. J. CORNISH.

A PLEA FOR . . . REVIVING DECOYS.

IN the last volume of his "Birds of Norfolk," the late Mr. Stevenson half expressed a hope that decoys might again be

worked with profit in Norfolk and Suffolk. Writing between 1880 and his death in 1888, he says, "Norfolk is still the land of decoys. It has at present seven active decoys—including those in the district known as Lothingland, which for ornithological purposes must be taken as belonging to this county, although politically it is assigned to Suffolk—viz., one at Southacre, on Mr. Fountaine's estate; one at Westwick, belonging to Mrs. Petre; a third at Wretham; another at Didlington; a recently constructed one at Merton (Lord Walsingham's); and two others on the lake at Fritton. There are also twenty-four decoys which have become disused in more or less recent times." Mr. Stevenson noted that even then the various species of duck were beginning to increase once more in Norfolk.

That was before laws to protect birds were as general as they are now; but even the Wildfowl Act and

Gun Licence Act had done something. "The number of duck, both of species and individual breeding in Norfolk, had increased surprisingly."

Before that time, when there were no wildfowl protection orders, and anyone could carry a gun, some decoys



Photo. by

ENTRANCE TO PIPE.

Clarke and Sons.

gave good results in favourable years. In the winter of 1879-80 at Fritton 2,218 duck, 123 teal, and 70 widgeon were netted, which at 1s. each would produce about £120.

This is no great sum, but if it could be depended upon one year with another, such a yield might induce landowners to revive the old decoy pools. It would be interesting if readers of COUNTRY LIFE who own decoys or know those who do would communicate the results of recent years' netting on these waters. The past four winters have been exceptionally bad for wildfowl of all kinds, because the weather out at sea, and in the North of Scotland, Denmark, and Holland, has been so mild that the birds have not come South in their usual numbers, and those which have done so keep out at sea by day on the calm salt water. If the weather is rough and cold they come in, to be in the shelter of the decoy ponds. The present writer inclines

to believe, from a great deal of evidence sent him, that the reconstruction of decoys is a change coming on in the near future. They would have an immense effect in increasing the number of duck when once started, while the present taste for preserving wildfowl and making lake sanctuaries would much assist the first start of the decoys.

It sounds like a paradox to say that the decoy, a most destructive engine, increases the number of birds, but it is strictly true within certain limits. The decoy pools are kept absolutely quiet, and are always surrounded with trees; consequently they act as a draw, not only to all the marine duck, such as widgeon, which would otherwise lie out scattered all over the sea, perhaps miles from shore, in the daytime, but also call down and attract the flights of migratory wildfowl which cross the country by night in all directions. The decoy pond fills with duck as mysteriously as a dew pond fills with water. This accounts for the presence of decoys in the centre of Oxfordshire and in Northamptonshire. You must have birds to start with; but these can be partly bred from the eggs now so cheaply sold, partly drawn in from the neighbourhood.

In Essex, for instance, where there are only two decoys left out of a great number, the whole of the foreshore is now preserved in the nesting-time, and, in addition, enormous tracts of fresh-water marshes inside the sea-wall. Reports to hand state that wild duck are greatly increasing. We need only turn to the account given in COUNTRY LIFE recently of the quantity of wild duck on the lakes at Wanstead Park, quite close to London, to see proof of this. But all these wildfowl sanctuaries have a drawback regarded as a means for increasing the number of wildfowl; the birds increase up to a certain limit, and then the number remains stationary. Now the duck on a sanctuary are of two kinds; the greater number, if it be near the coast, are foreign birds—these probably are beyond our influence in the way of increase or decrease, for they breed on the tundra and fells of Norway and Lapland—but a varying fraction are birds that breed at home; from them the increase, if there is to be one, must come. They will either lay all round the sanctuary, if there is cover, or if not, as at Holkham for instance, will scatter all over the neighbourhood, and bring the young back to the sanctuary in August; but there is little doubt that many foreign duck, though not widgeon, also stay behind to breed if they like the look of things generally.

Now it is well known to all breeders of birds that unless the old stock is killed off the young are either driven away or the eggs dwindle and become unfertile. An old mallard drake will fight as pugnaciously as a pheasant or old cock partridge about pairing time; and in any case elderly ducks do not lay many eggs. But on these sanctuaries, where no duck are ever shot, the whole of the home-breeding duck will remain till they die of old age. The writer believes that if a census of the home duck were taken on the splendid and ever-to-be-remembered sanctuary at Holkham, some would be found to have chipped the shell about Anno Domini 1880, if

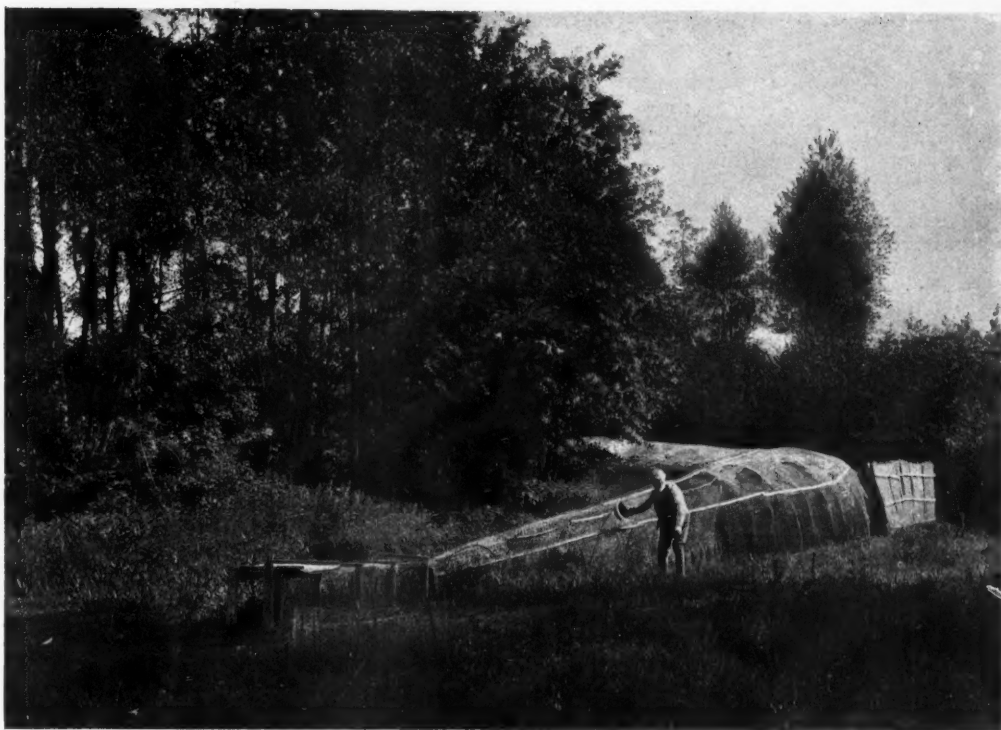


Photo. by

THE END OF ALL THINGS.

Clarke and Sons.

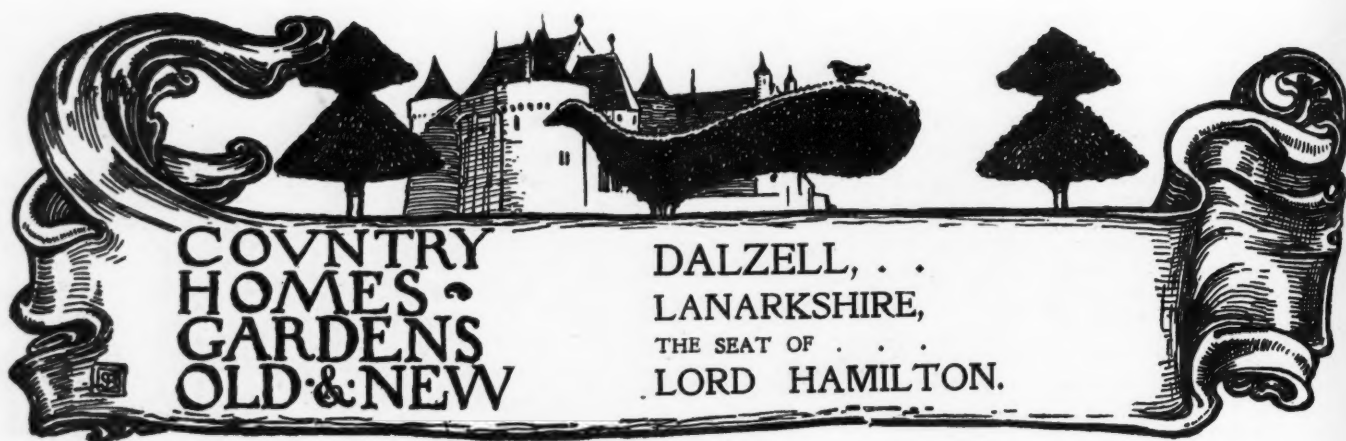
duck live so long. They do not increase, and, as they are never shot and there is no fresh stock, probably they will not. But if there were shooting on a sanctuary it would cease to be one? Yes. But if besides the sanctuary you have a decoy, or simply have a decoy which is a sanctuary—and where visitors can see one of the prettiest sights in the world, or rather in the duck world, by peeping through the screen—you catch and kill the old stock without disturbing them, and make room for new comers to settle in their place. That tends to raise the breeding produce of the home birds, and accounts for the fact that decoys cause the duck in a county to increase.

While completing these remarks the writer has received, by the kindness of Mr. A. H. E. Wood, of Sudbourn Hall, Wickham Market, a complete list of the fowl killed in the twenty-two years from 1878 to 1900 at the Iken decoy, on his property at Sudbourn Hall, near the River Ore. It is a remarkable document in every way, and most satisfactory from the point of view of those who hope that modern feeling is having good results in the general preservation of birds.

TABLE SHOWING KILL FROM 1878 TO 1900 AT THE IKEN DECOY.

Season.	Duck.	Teal.	Widgeon.	Various	Totals.
1878-1879 ...	592 ...	719 ...	98 ...	— ...	1,409
1879-1880 ...	846 ...	1,661 ...	331 ...	8 ...	2,846
1880-1881 ...	634 ...	948 ...	72 ...	1 ...	1,655
1881-1882 ...	362 ...	707 ...	161 ...	— ...	1,230
1882-1883 ...	596 ...	720 ...	206 ...	— ...	1,522
1883-1884 ...	920 ...	638 ...	168 ...	10 ...	1,736
1884-1885 ...	1,703 ...	592 ...	238 ...	7 ...	2,540
1885-1886 ...	736 ...	689 ...	174 ...	5 ...	1,604
1886-1887 ...	784 ...	620 ...	193 ...	4 ...	1,601
1887-1888 ...	758 ...	855 ...	298 ...	11 ...	1,922
1888-1889 ...	554 ...	589 ...	252 ...	2 ...	1,397
1889-1890 ...	844 ...	917 ...	187 ...	7 ...	1,955
1890-1891 ...	1,551 ...	678 ...	259 ...	18 ...	2,506
1891-1892 ...	588 ...	470 ...	202 ...	5 ...	1,265
1892-1893 ...	1,137 ...	454 ...	41 ...	2 ...	1,634
1893-1894 ...	673 ...	284 ...	60 ...	3 ...	1,020
1894-1895 ...	872 ...	510 ...	49 ...	3 ...	1,434
1895-1896 ...	779 ...	408 ...	187 ...	7 ...	1,381
1896-1897 ...	1,044 ...	615 ...	364 ...	6 ...	2,029
1897-1898 ...	701 ...	968 ...	161 ...	4 ...	1,834
1898-1899 ...	491 ...	970 ...	153 ...	19 ...	1,633
1899-1900 ...	1,597 ...	881 ...	458 ...	28 ...	2,964
TOTAL ...	18,762 ...	15,893 ...	4,312 ...	150 ...	39,117

The Sudbourn Hall Estate is a large one, and the birds are probably partly recruited from this preserved area. But a large number of the duck killed are widgeon, which do not breed in England. Yet last year—1899-1900—saw the very highest catch of the whole twenty-two years. The great proportion of teal taken is very remarkable—in 1879-80 1,661 of these birds were in the total. The full figures given above will be studied with interest by other proprietors of decoys, who may perhaps be inclined to send in the catch on their ponds for comparison.



COUNTRY
HOMES
GARDENS
OLD & NEW

DALZELL, . . .
LANARKSHIRE,
THE SEAT OF . . .
LORD HAMILTON.

WHEN William Cobbett, that sturdy Radical and true lover of country life, visited Dalzell nearly seventy years ago, he thought that of all the attractive seats which he had visited by the Clyde, the Calder, and the Avon, Dalzell was the place in which he would have most liked to reside. His remarks well deserve to be quoted. "In short, it is all such a mass of pretty places, and all with stone-built mansions, of the most solid structure, and in the best possible taste, that one is at a loss to

say which one would like best; but, if I were compelled to choose, I would choose Mr. Hamilton's of Dalzell. . . . The place was just to my taste; the house, a very ancient structure, with plenty of room; from the windows of one end you look into a deep glen, where the waters come trickling over rocks, and wash, in the time of high water, the walls of the ancient castle; the trees in the glen—ashes, beeches, oaks, and elms—as tall and nearly as straight as the tulip trees in the glens of America, with all sorts of native underwood, not forgetting an abundance of yews;

the bridges across the glen; the walks winding about one side of it; the orchards and the fruit trees, mixed amongst forest trees, seen from the windows of the other parts of the house; the fine lowlands and meadows (at the end of the pleasant walks through the orchards), down upon the banks of the Clyde, where it runs as smooth as if there were not a rock in the country, and where it is lined with beeches, and sycamores, and ashes as large and as lofty as I ever saw. Then, on the other side of the house, at the end of half a mile of gentle up-hill, through some very fine plantations of larches and of oaks, a farmhouse and a farmyard and pastures with dairy cows feeding and Highland cattle fattening. All these things put together made me think this the place, of all the places in Scotland, that I should like to live at."

This picturesque description of the charms which impressed the imagination of Cobbett will suggest what is now the character of this famous Scottish castle, for castle it is, although sometimes spoken of as "Dalzell House," and in the sixteenth century designated "the Place of Dalzell." But since the time when the rural wanderer passed through the attractive scenes of Clydesdale many changes have passed over that region, and Dalzell is far more beautiful than when he visited it, for it has been restored and added to through the ripe architectural knowledge of the late Mr. R. W. Billings, the author of "The Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland," whose technical mastery of the details of Scottish architecture, and whose scrupulous fidelity to its traditions, coupled with the enlightened and liberal patronage of Mr. Hamilton of Dalzell, contributed to the greater development and permanence of one of the most



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DALZELL HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—DALZELL HOUSE: THE VERDURE AND ARCHITECTURE OF A FINE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



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THE FORMAL BEDS IN THE LOWER GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

interesting houses in Scotland. Domestic comfort was secured without any sacrifice of the true character of a late mediæval castle, and much was done to the gardens at the time.

The place belongs to what MacGibbon and Ross, in their "Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland," describe as the third period of the national architecture, in which it had strong affinities with the domestic architecture of France as it is seen in some of the old châteaux in the valley of the Loire. The house is situated about two miles south from Motherwell, on the steep bank of a brawling burn, that cleaves its silvery course in a deep and rocky ravine, which runs on the east side and winds round to the south a little further off, leaving space for the delightful terraced gardens at various levels which we depict. The situation is peculiarly charming and romantic, and the varied ground in the immediate neighbourhood, dignified by ancient trees, and the lovely wooded glen, contrasted with the majestic sweep of the Clyde, which flows a little to the southward, form a truly attractive location for this fine example of Scottish domestic architecture and its beautiful gardens.

The existing buildings belong to three periods, and surround a courtyard, with the keep, which is the most ancient portion of the structure, probably belonging to the early part of

the sixteenth century, on the east side, dominating the ravine. Somewhat later buildings overlook the garden terrace on the south, and the additions made by Mr. Billings are chiefly on the north side, and are very extensive, while the entrance gate and

wall complete the court on the west. The whole character, with the tourelles, pinnacles, embattlements, and stepped gables, is extremely good. Nature well defended the position on the east and south sides, and there are evidences of a moat having existed on the west. The keep, which is a very massive structure—48ft. high to the top of the parapet—still shows the grooves in which the portcullis of the gateway moved. It consisted of a vaulted basement, with a lofty vaulted hall above, divided into two stories by an intermediate timber floor, while above was still another story, with wall chambers and galleries, and there was the customary chamber in the roof. It may be surmised that the various domestic buildings grew up about the keep in the course of successive generations, and took a modified character as the necessities for protection became less. Owing to the numerous alterations made from time to time the levels at the junction of the domestic buildings with the keep are different, and require a complicated arrangement of steps. One singularly fine feature is a massive wheel stair projecting boldly into the



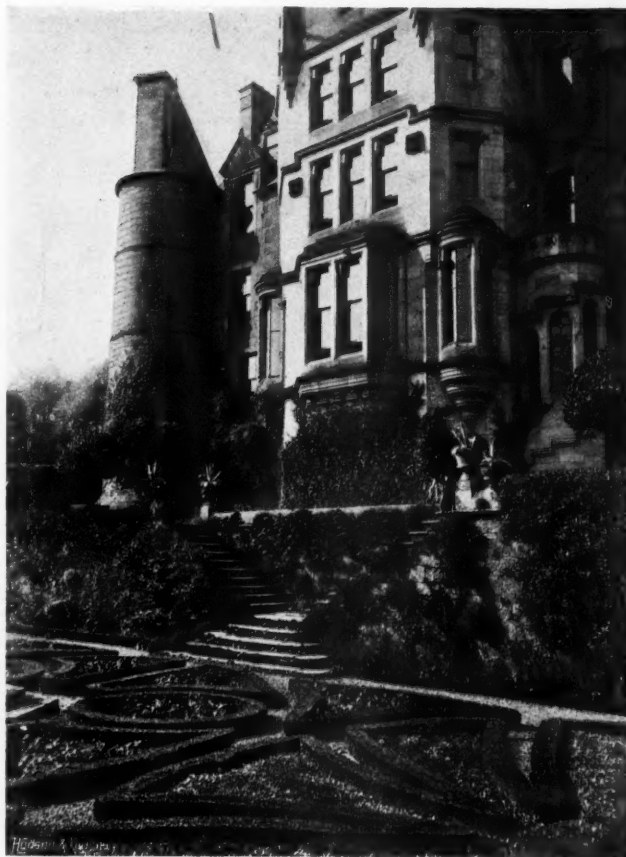
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A FRAGRANT RETREAT.

"C.L."

courtyard upon a series of corbels, and rising to the full height of the south wing, with a pointed roof. On this side the first floor has been modernised, and includes the drawing-room and ante-drawing-room, with elaborate plaster ceilings designed and executed by Mr. Billings, these rooms looking out over the delightful terraced garden. The added wing on the north side includes a new entrance to the castle.

Enough has been said to indicate what is the character of this famous Scottish house, and the nature of the garden has been suggested. Anciently, this was the residence of a family of the name of Dalzell, and the barony was in their possession from the end of the thirteenth century till 1647, when it was acquired from Lord Dalzell, Earl of Carnwarth, by James Hamilton of Boggs, who was a nephew of the Dalzells and the ancestor of the present Lord Hamilton. The Hamiltons have played a large part in Scottish history, and the family of Orbiston, from which the present family (of Dalzell) descended, has given many prominent men to the country. John Hamilton of Orbiston fell fighting at Langside in the army of his ill-fated queen. His grandson, Sir John, was Lord Justice Clerk in the reign of Charles I. General John Hamilton was a well-known soldier of the last century, and his son Archibald



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A DESCENT TO THE GARDEN.

"C.L."

served in the Peninsular War, and was with the Scots Greys at Waterloo. He it was who was the host of Cobbett when he visited Dalzell. The house contains a large collection of family portraits and many interesting relics of historical events in Scotland.

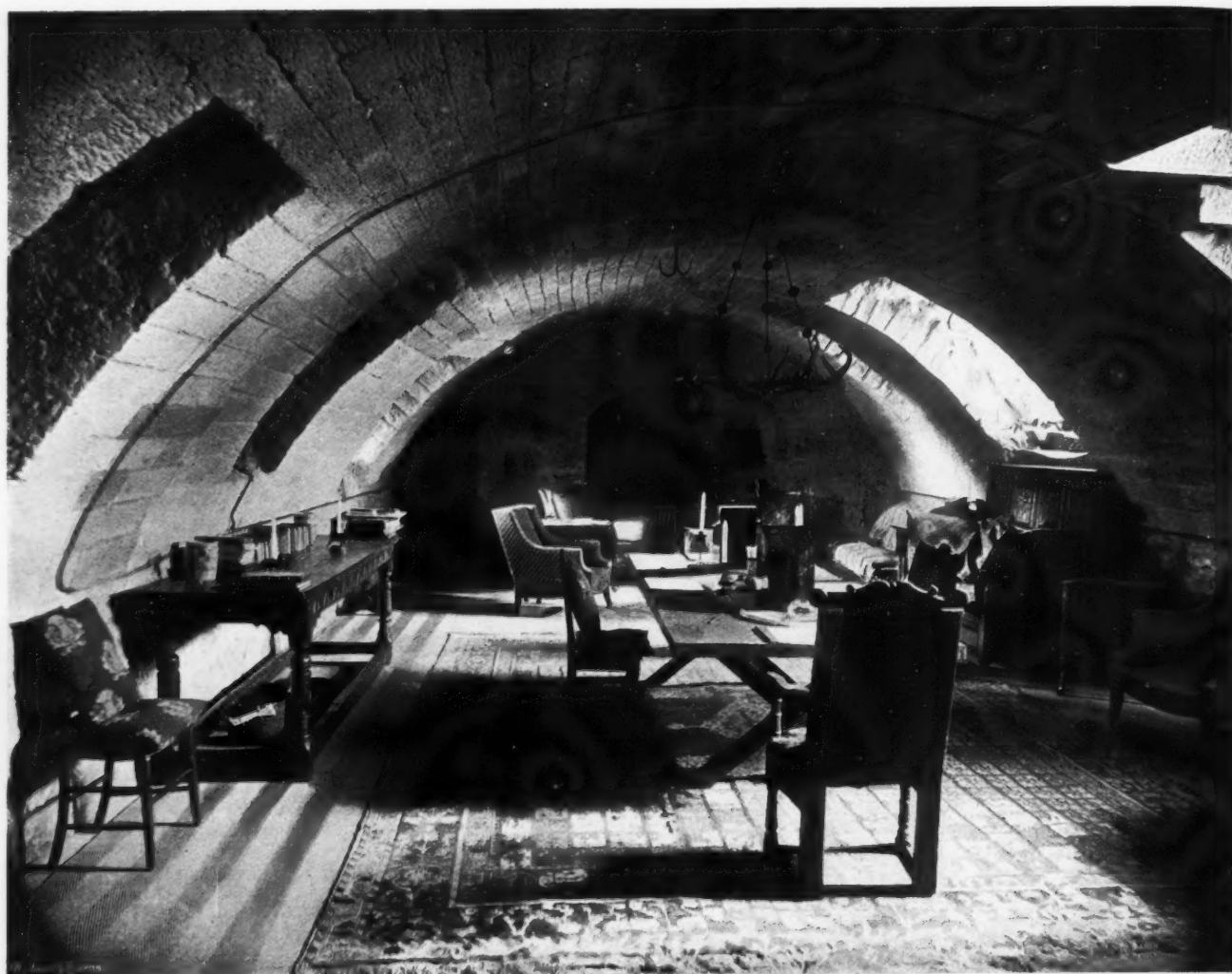
There was, of course, an old garden at Dalzell. Many are the quaint places in Scotland which have such hillside gardens as this, but the pleasure at Dalzell has been more fortunate than some of them, and has been maintained and developed with excellent taste, in most happy harmony with the structure which it adorns. The steep side of the hill has enforced the terraced character. There is something charming at every level, and the walls and stairways are of most excellent design and masonry. There are geometrical beds in the characteristic Scotch fashion, enframed in tall borders of box, and in the sheltered situation most things prosper well. Indeed, the terrace walls are vested and festooned with greenery, and tall-growing flowers, contrasted with the dark leafage, are a striking note of the place, and fill the beds and borders. The sundials and the fountain in the sunken garden are particularly good, and are quite characteristic of the quaint gardens of Scotland.



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THE OLD GARDEN IN THE GLEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SMOKING-ROOM IN THE CASTLE VAULTS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The pleasure grounds are well furnished with many forest and ornamental trees. Among these is a magnificent oak, which at 3ft. from the ground has a girth of nearly 20ft., while the branches extend from side to side about 70ft. To the south of this ancient monarch lies a delightful rose garden, neighboured by many splendid conifers and other ornamental trees. The Wellingtonia is particularly fine in this place. There are several summer-houses and garden seats in various parts of the grounds, commanding superb views of the country, the gardens, and the castle. It is particularly delightful to wander through the wooded glen with the mountain burn brawling far below

beneath the shade of old Scotch yews and pines, and at one point a fine stone bridge spans the rocky chasm with most happy effect.

Not far away, a little above the level of the Clyde, is the fruit and vegetable garden, with hot-houses along a south wall of great length. Everything is kept in most admirable order, and the gardens certainly stand high in a country celebrated for excellent gardening. The fruit crop is very fine, as it was in Cobbett's day. "I have never seen at one time," he wrote, "a more beautiful show and variety of apples than I saw on the table of Mr. Hamilton of Dalzell.

The apples, pears, and plums were gathered in, but there were the trees, and the leaves still upon them, and more clean, more thriving trees I never saw, and I believe that some of them surpassed in point of size any that I had ever seen in my life." The orchards are now just as productive as when Cobbett saw them in 1832.

The Clyde, as has been said, flows not far away, and there is a magnificent avenue of beech, lime, and plane trees extending along its margin for a distance of more than half a mile. Near the orchard is the burial-place of the Hamiltons with many memorials. Here is preserved the gravestone of the son of Sir William Dalzell, of that ilk, with his arms, which are a man suspended from a gibbet. We may conclude with an anecdote of this Sir William Dalzell, who is said to have lost an eye at the battle of Otterburn in 1388, and who appears to have been a humorist as well



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THE APPROACH TO DALZELL HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

as a fighting man. On one occasion, when there was a challenge between him and Sir Piers Courtenay in regard to the right to use badges or armorial devices, Sir William brought the affair to an end by recalling to his opponent's mind the fact that the honourable laws of the tournament required that the champions should be equal. He, therefore, demanded that Sir Piers should submit to the removal of an eye before the combat began, but the knight demurred, and so the fight did not come off. Some five hundred years have elapsed since Sir William Dalzell cracked his last joke, and it is an excellent thing that the house in which he lived should have such a fine and characteristic successor as the castle of Lord Hamilton.

LADIES IN THE . . . SHOOTING FIELD.

THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD has taken occasion to rebuke one of the newspapers for assuming that women cannot kill their game right and left in orthodox fashion. The Duchess is probably as well versed in everything that concerns sport by means of burning gunpowder as most men are.

In fact, for some years all eyes were turned towards Woburn Abbey, in the hope that the experiments there being tried might disprove the then current belief that the wapiti and red deer cross would not produce offspring after the first generation. It was believed that the offspring were mules, and when Mr. Lydekker wrote "Deer of All Lands" for Mr. Rowland Ward, the publisher of that fine work, he could go no further than to say that the popular creed was not believed in by either the Duke or Duchess of Bedford. Soon after this half-bred beasts were pointed out to me in Woburn Park which were in calf to the wapiti, and also others were shown which were in calf to the red deer. The fact, then, that the off-spring of the first cross were not mules became known, and this seemed to be exactly what the forest-owners in Scotland were waiting to know, for their rents were neither as certain nor as high as they had been. Her Grace of Bedford, however, soon after this wrote to one of the papers, of which I happened at that time to be editor, to say that the wapiti cross was a dead failure. Writing from memory, I think that her words were to the effect that the offspring were wapiti without the size and red deer without the antlers. This was a great disappointment, but there the matter rests, and, as far as is known to the writer, no one has satisfactorily challenged this opinion by producing animals of later than the first cross that show the wapiti blood in size as well as the magnified antlers of the red deer, those horns which, for the size of the animal, are as fine as any trophies in the world, and far in advance of those of the wapiti himself. But the proof that the wapiti was merely a North American variety of the red deer, as this inter-breeding was, did more to damage the hopes of Scotch forest-owners than is implied by the mere fact that the cross did not nick. If the wapiti was the same breed, it almost went without saying that he was three times the size of the Scotch red deer because his food and habitat had suited him three times as well, and that the Highland stag was a dwarf because Highland fare and climate were not suitable to the red deer. It may be that this is the correct view, because if it were possible to cross a Sheltie (pony) and a Shire horse, it would probably be found that there would be no improvement made by such a cross in Shetland, whereas if the offspring were treated as are Shires there would be a proper response in size to the better food and greater warmth.

But it may be just possible that although there are no Shires to be found in

high latitudes, there may be red deer of large size to be discovered in high altitudes. It seems possible, for instance, that the wapiti came from districts where food and warmth could be had in plenty, and that other deer nearly as large may be discovered which, coming from districts where the fare and climate are as bad as those of Scotland, may prove a nick with the British red deer because of the greater hardihood of the bigger deer. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford have every chance of discovering the right animal, for they have not only the Asiatic wapiti or the Thian-Shan deer, but also the Caucasian animal; and both of these beasts are found in altitudes that dwarf the highest hills of Scotland.

I have digressed thus much to call attention to the fact that when the Duchess of Bedford writes about shooting, she certainly understands her subject, and when she protests that she knows women who can not only bring to bag their right and left, but a dozen consecutive shots upon occasion, I am quite prepared to admit it from my own knowledge, and to suspect, from what I have heard of her own shooting, that she would not think she had done anything very wonderful if she accomplished this the next time she went out with the gun.

Women who shoot are, like women who hunt, the outcome of the nineteenth century. I do not profess to understand why it was that women ever gave up hunting, for since hawks were flown at winged game women have always been depicted looking on at the sport, and fisting a falcon too. Moreover, it is known that Queen Anne took great delight in following hounds, although she drove and did not ride; but then she drove at a pace which enabled her to see the sport. Then, too, women never gave up riding to hounds at the French Court, and they shared in the battue of the Austrian Court in the middle of the eighteenth century. Yet, if there were exceptions, hard-riding women were not recorded in the early part of the nineteenth century, either by artists or literary

men, nor were women of the trigger. I am rather inclined to believe that the fashion for women to shoot was an importation, and that the Countess de Paris set the fashion in England, although she might not have been, and probably was not, the first woman in England who found out the pleasures of the shot-gun in a private manner, and enjoyed them just as much as they are now enjoyed by those who do not mind their deeds being known to the world. The Countess de Paris with the Count had for years one of the best moors in the Aberfeldy district of Perthshire and the lady walked after the grouse as briskly as any man, and this before driving was known in Scotland; at least, I think so, speaking from memory. About 1874 I was located in Perthshire, having as a grouse moor the ground that is now occupied by Rannoch Lodge deer forest, and my next neighbour on one side had a lady shooter amongst the party, who certainly took all her share of the hard work, both in searching for grouse with dogs and in deer-stalking. The first out and the last home, that was the character she got. But although it may be given to all women to shoot, it is certainly given to few of them to walk hard. As a rule they do not like it, and, besides, it takes too much out of them to enable them to shoot well when the chance comes. I think it must be conceded that a moderate man will walk better than most of the best women walkers; although, of course, there

are women who do not fear the hard work of deer stalking, and the number seems to increase every year. Moreover, I know of at least one lady who has killed her tiger.

In the same year that the lady shot made such an impression on my youthful mind in the neighbourhood of Loch Rannoch, one of my party was a man whom I did not meet again for over twenty years, and at our next meeting—also a shooting party—he introduced me to his daughter, who at that time was one of the guns, and who brought down the rocketers as well as could be desired.

I am not very sure that the ladies do not shoot a great deal too well, and I do not envy the man who has a large family of girls all of whom shoot. If I was so unfortunate, and unless I had a pocket out of all proportion to its present dimensions, I should present each of them with a specially-made lady's gun, a 28-bore, and give them to read all that "One who has fired 20,000 shot" says in favour of small bores. I should then know that half the game they might otherwise kill would be safe enough; and I should also impress upon them the horrors of



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CORNER OF THE SUNK GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

wounding game, and how unreasonable it would be to shoot at further distances than those at which they could make certain of killing. I am afraid, however, they would get to know; some kind friend would be sure to be found who would impart contrary instruction: women find out everything nowadays, and they do not learn it from books either. There is the Sportsman's Library, for instance, and Mrs. Lancelot Lowther's advice to her sisters to use 35 grains of Schultze powder and seven-eighths of an ounce of shot in 12-lobes. Of course, it is not to be wondered at that women handicapped in that way do not beat the men. But there is no reason why they should be so handicapped. Small charges are excellent to begin with, to teach the muscles not to mind the blow of recoil; so are increasing charges and growing frequency of use everything that can be desired, as an over-loaded gun (and an ordinary charge is a very great overload for a beginner) is certain to spoil the early shooting of any man or woman. The young lady to whom reference has been made shot with her father's or brother's guns and cartridges, and as there was nothing particular about her to suggest strength, I suppose any woman could soon train herself not to mind ordinary recoil.

The Duchess of Bedford is said to be a very certain shot at rocketers, especially in the open and where she has time to see them coming, and it goes almost without saying that when she says she knows women who can account for a dozen consecutive shots, she does not refer to pheasants put up in hedge-rows nor confiding rabbits who sit up and listen to the advancing beaters before crossing a ride in the covert. She evidently refers to just such shots as would give the real sporting instinct some pleasure to bring off, and not to pot shots or selected ones, such as some men have been discussing of late with every indication of profound satisfaction.

But I imagine there are occasions, for instance when a gun is posted in a ride in covert with trees on both sides, when to bring off a dozen shots consecutively at high rocketers would not always fall to the gun of the best women shots, any more than to that of the best marksmen. The protest from the Duchess is remarkable, because it shows that women are not going to be content to be recognised as inferior in sport, nor to submit to the patronage of men, however well the latter may be able to perform. After all, a great deal too much is made of the ability to stop pheasants, and especially to stop a pheasant, in contradistinction to strings of pheasants, which keep the barrels of two or three guns hot and the muscles at work. Personally, I never saw pheasants that I could compare to driven grouse for difficulty when those grouse were not only taking full advantage of the wind, just as a pheasant can, but also of a descent down hill of 1,000ft. or so. Having regard to the force of gravity, and its effect on increased speed, to the effect of wind and the disadvantage of trees, it would be particularly interesting to know just what sort of shots Her Grace referred to when she recorded a dozen or so brought off consecutively by a woman. For my part, I have always admitted that women are much quicker in perception than men. I believe that with them hand and eye go together with much more certainty than with the mere man, who has never yet been considered able to thread a needle, which is a clear case of the failure of the hand and eye to work together. It must not be forgotten either, that when women become crack shots they play the game according to the rules set by men, who, in their own selfishness, have always, or until quite lately, imposed heavy walking upon those who aspire to rival them in mere skill. That is, they have used brute force in order to triumph over the more delicate, nervous, and muscular perceptions of their sisters.

ARGUS OLIVE.



BOOK III.—LOVE'S SIN.

CHAPTER III.

LOVE'S MOCKERY.

A WEEK trailed slowly by. Slowly, that is, to some in the Castle of Gros-Nez, but not to Karadac, who felt with each fresh dawn the spring of a new life, a life such as he had never known before his blindness, for it was all strange gladness and pure joy, that did not vanish with the passing hour, but grew until it shed an all-pervading luminance on his dark path.

Health came back to him, and each precious day brought for a short space at morn and eve a presence with soft movements and low voice, whose intonation, slow and delicately clear, charmed him with a hundred rare sweet tricks of utterance. Being blind, he dwelt the more upon her voice, and wholly it bewitched him.

"Lady, where learnt you these little turns of stress and accent?" he said one day. "I think the angels taught you, for never yet did woman speak like you!"

"Alas, that has ever been my fault!" Gundred answered truthfully.

"Fault?—unless it be a fault that your words are set in rhythm to a man's heartbeats, so close they answer to the leaping of his blood," was the passionate response. "How cool the air blows upon my brows!"

It was a gloomy afternoon that promised rain, and already a damp breeze came sighing through the window. Gundred shivered.

"It is the presage of the rain, sweet but not lasting," she replied.

"Rain or shine, what matters it if happiness glows within to keep the spirit warm?"

Was she happy? She paused to ask herself the question, and Karadac, sensitive to her silence, raised himself upon the two arms of the chair wherein he lay propped with cushioned cloaks.

"Are you not happy, Lady Alghitha?"

The anxious tenderness of affection linked to the hated name tossed Gundred's hot heart in those cross currents of emotion she had not yet learnt how to weather, and which many a time came near to swamping her frail bark.

"So happy," she faltered; "safe, and at peace."

He leaned back but half satisfied, yet so much as he desired could not come quickly, and he schooled himself to patience.

A timid hand came about his head to smooth the ruffled folds

beneath it, and to his waiting sense it seemed to linger in its task. On that his seeking fingers followed hers.

"Lady, lend me your hand. I still fear I am a-dream."

"Nay, but you are awake," she said, with a soft merriment, and he pictured the smile she wore. "Awake, and growing stronger day by day."

He drew her hand upon his lips.

"I grow stronger with this to give me courage. Soon, lady, we will leave this bleak and wind-torn spot for my own Castle of Gouray. And before the summer goes I would take you—we will ride together then, if Heaven be kind—to a little shrine near Grouville, the Chapel of Saint Margueritte. For it was there I first looked on your picture; that blessed sight, without which happiness had remained unknown to me for ever!"

The hand in his was cold.

"What—the picture at Saint Margueritte's?" Gundred almost forgot again. "I never heard of that."

"Ah, Goyault told you I had seen it first at Gouray! Nay, I had passed the whole night in prayer with the hermit on Saint Helier's Rock, thanking Heaven for the knowledge of you, ere ever I returned to my castle, and they told me the story which was mine already. None but ourselves shall know where first we met, dear lady; for, gazing upon your picture, I thought the eyes answered to my own, and called me to your aid. That lies between thee and me."

Gundred set her teeth hard, loathing herself to think that unawares she was winning all the secrets of his love from him, yet driven to hear them by her rage of jealousy.

The Count sat thinking for a while.

"Goyault was very sad that evening, as we two took oath in the castle chapel that we would be your champions to the death. Was he still sad in Grenezay?"

"No, but joyous, for there he found the lady whom he loved," said Gundred.

"What! say you so? Then I am doubly glad! I thought, indeed, he withheld somewhat from me. Love doth work a curious alteration in a man. Goyault is open as the day, yet he concealed his hope, and I, who seldom can babble of such things as move in me strongly, told him of you, and of my love. For I do love you, lady, as you well know," he ended humbly.

Now there was one woman, not Alghitha, of whom Gundred was fain to make him speak, of that one—she almost seemed a stranger to Gundred now—who lay her length among the June

flowers, forsaken and unconsolated, and cursed the man she loved by all the gods she knew.

"Nay, how can we tell what is love? For you, lord Count, have surely loved before?"

"I had sought for love, and found it not. Easy loves I had in truth, such as all men can acquire; but I was not greedy for the husks which some call love. Mine was a desire of the soul, though I, poor fool, had sought it through the flesh!"

"But some have loved you?"

Karadac shook his head.

"Only such as love while you feed them."

"Nay, lord, I know that some have loved you truly. Some have mourned for you, and would fain have given all that you could ask of love, the highest and the best!"

Something in her tone set his pulses beating. She was so sure that others loved him, might it not be because she felt moved thereto in her own breast? Answering her, he gave a fleeting thought to Gundred's last avowal; but she could not have given him that wondrous blend of soul and heart and mind which day by day revealed itself in Algitha!

"No, you only, lady, of all the world——"

"How know you that?" she cried out in her pain. "You only saw a picture, and built up from her fair face and form the woman you had dreamt of! Had she been uncomely——"

"I cannot so imagine you," he answered, gravely. "Yet, in truth, it is a chance which might well befall a man." Then shaking off his graver air, he smiled. "It is a new thought, and has its own significance for others, but for me—none. I have found you."

"An ideal, built, as I have told you, from the eye alone."

"Not so, Algitha, for every day doth prove my heart a true prophet. That which I foresaw, you are."

Thus Karadac outpoured to Gundred's ears his inmost thoughts, which such as he keep for the loved one only. He told her of Ulake, and that summer night when his eyes dwelt on the horizon as if with the premonition of her coming. Aye, and much more, for she answered him like the dim echo to a joyful shout—faint, far-off, but attuned to the same key.

It may not be written down how Gundred listened, turning the knife in the wound—a soul in torment! There were wild moments when she could have told him all in the access of her jealous frenzy. Algitha—and yet Algitha, the name scarce left his lips. How he loved—how he could love! She had known it through the long, hungry years, and longed to hear him say, as now he said: "I loved you then," and then such was my thought of you," an exquisite inconsequence of memories heaped up about one name. But now she heard them as one who overhears; to her the words were spoken, yet she had no part in them. Clothed in another's empty title she suffered those caresses once so desperately yearned for and imagined in older days.

And he, in his blindness, wandered on, kissing the brown hand he held, and desiring a glimpse of vision, if but to praise its whiteness. Then turning back to vow he had no more to wish for since she was there—Algitha, who in her divine pity had come to him, maimed, wrecked, and broken as he was.

Then Gundred, in one of those strange changes of her moods, flashed out in a grave playfulness that none before had ever seen her use. She withdrew her hand, accusing him.

"I will not give my hand to one who can speak ill of the Count of Gersay. Only a traitor could call him thus, 'broken and maimed, and wrecked!'"

Karadac's dark face lit up.

"Why not, lady, since so, alas! he is become?"

"That I deny, for I hold he is the noblest knight of all the world—brave and strong and fierce—and tender!"

The verve of the opening, and the sudden fall of the last words, enthralled him.

"Algitha," he cried aloud, "you cannot love me! I, a broken man, although in your sweet kindness you would deny it—blind, an outcast from the common life of other men. I, who can no longer tilt for your dear name, nor carry your badge to battle! How could you give your loveliness and youth to such as I? Now, had it been Goyault——"

"Goyault!" the soft, scornful repetition fired him anew.

"Algitha, for the love of Christ, tell me—can it be?"

He stretched out his arms, and from out of his darkness one came and knelt beside him, and he clasped them round her form and drew it close.

Thus it was that Gundred at length laid her weary head upon her lover's breast.

In a wordless rapture he kissed her hair and brow and eyes, then with a strange, soft touch of reverence, he won her lips. And she, restraining her own passion, yielded to his will, aching to know how small the reverence he owed her. Resting within his arms, robbing him of those first words and kisses; half distraught she was between the gnawing strain of self and circumstance.

"Algitha, you cannot love me?" he murmured.

"Do I not, lord? then what is it to love?"

"Dear heart, I have seemed to see you hovering above me on bright wings, and feared that when I sought to hold you in my arms you would depart."

"And leave you thus?"

"Aye, thus for ever, in the dark—alone?"

For answer, he felt the tears upon her cheek. Then was no room for words; the load of happiness pressed down upon his heart.

When at length he spoke again, it was to ask her when she had learnt to love him, what spirit had drawn her to his side.

"I had heard of you, seigneur. Many speak of you."

"In Grenezay?—It was Goyault! He gave you all my message? Ah, faithful friend!"

"Nay, it was long and long before I saw Goyault. In the past years I heard your name—and loved it."

"My name, sweetheart—you loved my name? Say it in your dear voice as you have said it to yourself before we met."

Gundred, with her cheek pressed to his, whispered:

"Karadac, Karadac! I would that such a knight as Karadac might love me!"

Thus, answering each to each, they told in fragments the history of their past, and Karadac found in her replies strange echoes of his own old yearnings for the love supreme. It seemed almost unearthly to hear these same thoughts from other lips, and those so young (for so he deemed) that on them the sweet breath of childhood lingered still.

With gentle care he took her head between his hands and bent down his face towards her, as if through his closed lids he could see her by the force of his desire.

"Love, I almost seem to see you—to see that golden head and the red mouth which tells me I am beloved! Love, are you flushing over all your fairness? Can you not feel I see you? Answer me with those eyes that called me in the chapel of Saint Marguerite"; then, raising his face to Heaven, "God grant me sight to see her as she is!"

With a choked cry she slipped away from between the wistful hands. His prayer—to see her as she was—could that be granted as her prayer had been—what then? Oh, it could never be! Better die a hundred deaths of pain than meet his glance of loathing and contempt. Crouched by him on the ground, a burning vision passed before her.

"No more, dear lord, no more!" she sobbed. "Suffer me to leave you now. I will return."

But Karadac was on his feet, trembling and stretching out groping hands.

"What have I done, Algitha? What have I done? Beloved, you cannot leave me so! What is it I have done to trouble you?"

Swiftly she rose and steadied his weak grasp within her own.

"Nay, lord—Karadac—what have you done? Made me too happy—that is all!"

On the dim stone staircase Tonstain met her later rushing like a storm.

"All goes well, lady?"

She drew back as if at bay, and he saw her dark eyes gleam.

"Aye, for I am in Hell! And 'tis you have damned me, Tonstain!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE COMING OF ALGITHA.

UNDER the battlements a flagged footway led round the outer wall. There Gundred carried her flooded heart. The August rain was falling soft and thick and close; below tower and cliff the sea swung in a deep swell, half hidden by the misty veiling of the shower.

She was alone! She thanked God for that, if for naught else. She was alone to face her trouble. The sentinel on the square citadel above saw the sweep of a rich robe come and go behind a jutting bastion.

"God grant me sight to see her as she is!" The words of Karadac's prayer had stabbed the darkness of her soul to light. What had she done? For the first time she saw the whole infamy of Karadac's betrayal. Defraud a man of all things, wealth and power and friendship, but leave him love! And it was no enemy had done this thing, but she who thought she loved him! Borne down between the shocks of love and jealousy, she had lent herself to desecrate his inmost shrine of dreams. How sacred he held that shrine she learned more fully day by day.

With hurrying steps she paced up and down the footway of wet granite, her head between her hands, for the air seemed loud with clamorous voices.

She knew now how eager she had been from the beginning to play her unnatural part, and how almost happy in the first glow of playing it. She looked back upon herself. To have him woo her—to usurp his tenderness—to gather to herself that knowledge of him which could be given to none save her he loved—to arrogate the outgoings of an affection long and bitterly refused her—all these had raised an exultation in her brain. With a venom of self-contempt she acknowledged all. She and her heart—how unimaginably fallen!

Yet even at such an hour as this her false possession of him filled her with a torture of joy and pride that lasted to the very end.

Better die a thousand deaths than be deceived as he had been! Yet could she go and tell him all?

The inevitable moment had arrived when she must face the crisis of her guilt. How would it be with him when she disclosed the truth—when he knew that it was not Algitha but another whom he had held within his arms, and to whom he had poured out the deep things of his love? With terrible foresight Gundred saw the heart-wound she must give. She pictured Karadac's self-loathing, for he would sicken at himself, scoff at his readiness of fond belief! She pictured his despair when, in the shattering of hope and happiness, his defencelessness was brought home to him. She fancied the blind face with tears upon it, and clutched at the air in a wild anguish of remorse.

How could she tell him?

She leaned her elbows on the battlements and looked upon the towering pinnacle of Gros-Nez that stood out beyond the headland in the sea. The rain had passed off for the moment, and she saw the great mass with bristling spires and jagged fangs clear-cut against a background of sea and sky. Above her its defiant crest; below, plunging sheer down into the depths, the unscaled side rowelled into spikes and spines of living rock. With steady-swing the water rose about the lower spurs and fell back fretted into a thousand rivulets.

How could she tell him? Once it had seemed almost an easy task to kneel and to confess that she had deceived him but only to restore his ebbing life; yet now, how dreadful, how impossible! So much had passed between them since that day when, hungering for his love, she had bought it at such bitter cost to both! Now she felt she could not live to say the words which must be spoken if—

A rough-hewn step far down upon the Castle rock caught her eye and broke in upon her reverie. She leaned out and saw a hidden postern door, and leading to it a yard or two of dizzy track—no more. And straightway forgot that she had seen, for over against her on the towering side of Gros-Nez peak there was a curving granite slope, flushed as a faded rose, and seamed and wrinkled into a network of fine lines like some old cheek. Gundred's eyes dwelt long upon it. It held her spellbound, this vision of unutterable age. Her cheek would yet be scored as that was by the chisel of the years. How short at best was our poor human span of love and joy!

She started upright. Why not hold it then, since it was in her hand? Yes, pursue her course, having once begun it, to its utmost end. She had thought of her marriage with Karadac as the cap to his undoing, the extremity of outrage on his helplessness; whereas in truth, being deceived, let him live on in the dear fancy which fulfilled his dreams. Algitha, wife of Goyault, could be even less to him than herself. Fate had thrust a false gleam of joy upon them both; let them be glad in it till Fate's shadow fell again. Why should she hasten the day of ill?

To be the wife of Karadac, to possess his love and confidence, however gained, however swiftly lost, would be enough to fill eternity with memories.

Or soon or late, the hour must come when all her world would fall in ruins about her head; but once she had been his wife, his best-beloved, it mattered little what came afterwards. Who looks beyond his Day of Judgment?

"Poor stone!" she said; "you who have never known joy or tenderness or deep desire, you still can bear unmoved the buffets of God's storms. And shall I flinch while I can satisfy his heart, and snatch for him and for myself a brief span of bliss from all the empty years? It is enough; I will not turn back, and let the end be what it may!"

Assured of his Algitha's love, Karadac permitted no delays. His heralds and his messengers passed through the island, bidding all men, from seigneur to serf, to gather for his marriage at Gouray.

During those last days spent in Goyault's castle the sun hid himself, and squalls blew up from the grey waste of sea.

Gundred, waiting for the ordeal of the moment when she should stand forth as the false bride of Karadac, listened to the sorrow of the rain without and moaning wind, and knew them for a presage—sad days of early autumn, that seemed to weep for a dead summer. Settled in her resolve, she passed long hours with the Count, forgetting while she could that he loved not her, but the hated name she bore. And day by day she won upon him with her subtle brain, quickened to keener vigour under the stimulus of his poet's fantasies, and her own foreshadowing that the time was short.

And Karadac marvelled at her, loving her the more as he found her comparable to his highest thoughts; thus he loved her, praised her until he almost broke her heart.

Mid-August came in a new burst of summer, and with it Goyault and Algitha from Grenezay. Tonstain, hearing of their coming, hurried forth to meet them at the gate, and as they talked together he marked the changes that a month of marriage had wrought in the young knight.

This was no longer the old Goyault, full of frank laughter and the joy of a free heart, but a man with quick, questioning glances in his eyes, and a frown that came to brood most readily on his brows.

As for Goyault, to his apprehension all seemed changed. Old friends looked askance at him, though some whispered, leering, in his ear that much might be forgiven one with so fair a bride. The warmth of greeting, the homeliness, the merry comfort he remembered, all were gone, and in their place suspicion and furtive smiles and curious regards.

Tonstain spoke at length of the Count's long sickness and recovery, then taking those two apart where none might overhear, he would have told them all, but Goyault cried:

"I need no middleman betwixt my lord and me. Lead on. He is much changed, or he will hear me before he condemns."

"When Count Karadac hears your defence we shall be all undone," said Tonstain, with a thin smile; "that much is certain."

"Go, lead on," Goyault moved imperiously.

"Stay, Goyault. What think you, our lord has found another Lady Algitha."

Tonstain hung on the mailed elbow, and peered eagerly at the knight's surprise.

"Karadac already loves another? Impossible!"

"Another, yet the same," interposed Tonstain slyly, and while the two wondered at him he poured forth the history of Gundred and the Count.

Then a great wrath fell upon Goyault.

"Gundred? The woman always loved him! Come, sieur, you and I will end this masque—this midsummer madness—ere it go further."

"Stay, Goyault; you, having seized the prize, for lack of which he must have died, now, forsooth, would call us traitors."

"But Lady Gundred—you well know how deeply he disliked her."

"And Lady Algitha—you well knew how strangely he was set on her. Yet you were not loth to sacrifice your loyalty to your love, Seigneur of St. Ouen. And what did Gundred more?—excepting that she had excuse, and you had none."

Algitha turned blue, vivid eyes on Tonstain.

"My lord had his excuse, sieur—I loved him."

"Lady, he was rarely blessed in that; but a far poorer reason had been good enough for one who only looked to please himself," he added, coldly.

Goyault stood mute. Shame and misery were doubly heaped upon him, for he must see his lord and friend duped and befooled by such as Tonstain, the while he, by his own act, had left himself without the right to raise one word in protest.

"Had I been here," he murmured to himself; but Tonstain caught the wish.

"Had you been here we might have lacked occasion for the trick. Now carry out your part; attend the marriage with your lady, for aught else it is too late."

"And I, if there be another Algitha, what—who am I?" Algitha asked, disdainfully.

"The lovely chatelaine of Gros-Nez. Believe me, you will look as fair in all men's eyes by any name," Tonstain answered, but with a tinge of something in the courtesy which left Goyault half ill-pleased.

"Preparation has been made to carry my lord this day to Gouray," added Tonstain. "We start within the hour. To-morrow is for the marriage."

A sudden burst of a man's laughter, loud and high, re-echoed through the Castle. Goyault laughed and laughed again, and knew not why he laughed.

In a distant room where Gundred sat by Karadac the sound was carried faintly, and the Count sprang up.

"Goyault is come! They have told him of our marriage! Algitha, hear him—he laughs for joy! Goyault, Goyault, come hither!"

But once before had Goyault heard his lord's voice pitched to that self-same key. He stood rigid, as if to listen—a dull notion aching in his mind that aforetime when he had heard those joyous tones, he feared—now he feared and was ashamed.

"Come," Tonstain took him by the shoulder, "he should be no laggard who dares all for love. We will hasten the Count's going, for the day wanes. But now forth to him, and beware of tripping tongues."

Then hand in hand Goyault and Algitha moved softly through the dim passages like guilty things, and so came upon the Count, where he stood all ready by the inner gate, and many waited round him.

"Goyault, a thousand welcomes! Look, my lords and knights, upon this faithful friend, who saved and won for me my wife! Algitha, my beloved," he drew Gundred proudly to his side, "join me in thanking your noble champion of the lists. Put his hand in mine, sweet one, and tell the world our gratitude!"

Gundred, with black brows drawn and set swarthy face, stood by her lord undaunted. She had steeled herself for this,

steeled herself to see the slow, inevitable smile creep round from lip to lip.

But Goyault was not prepared. The kindly greeting and the pity of the scene, with Karadac for its centre, beat him to the ground. And many who once envied him, rejoiced to see him, aforetime so high-hearted, now stand out a sorry figure for the common herd to jeer at.

Meantime Tonstain had brought Alghitha to the Count. Her lips were white and stern and her eyes blazed dark, for she was outraged in the person of the man she loved.

She cast a furious glance on Gundred, then her face slowly took on a cold compassion. She read the tragedy of the other woman's life and pitied her. The offence of pity Gundred might have forgiven her some day, but when Karadac, with grave kindness, would have kissed her hand, Alghitha raised her eyes to the Count's marred face. This was the man who would fain have been her husband, for whose sake reproach had fallen on Goyault. Even now he dreamed that he possessed her! Revulsion against him and his love and strong contempt surged up into her face. That also Gundred saw, and never in all the years of life to come forgave.

Soon the long procession wound away across the heath, and last rode Karadac and Gundred side by side. Of all that throng the Count alone carried a light heart.

Goyault watched them go, oppressed with many thoughts. The long cavalcade curved across the open ground and sank into the fringing woods. Then Alghitha, pressing to his side, spoke out impetuously.

"Is that your Count—with his stern lip and most imperious brow? I to be his wife—I to wed that blind, fierce eagle, whose very lack of sight strikes a cold horror through me! Goyault, how could you think it—think to mate me with your Count?"

But Goyault was past the utterance of many words. Heaviness lay on him.

"Alas, Alghitha, that you should so misjudge him!"

But Alghitha's proud blood was hot within her.

"This Karadac works like a poison in you all! But most in you, Goyault. At sight of him, you are no more Goyault, but one who is ashamed of love! And see this whole land playing a crazy masque because, forsooth, Karadac craves an Alghitha—a puppet of his sick dreams! Shame on you all!"

But Goyault said no more, only gazed after those two who rode last, and rode together, Karadac and Gundred, with that wild story woven in their lives, until at length the wise old forests closed upon them.

(To be continued.)

BYE-LAWS AND OLD BUILDINGS.

HOW Hampshire came to obtain the epithet "homely" I do not know, but that it is a very proper one is beyond doubt. How this pleasant article comes under a heading belonging to a series, but without quite fulfilling the promise of that series, requires a word of explanation, which is simply that the drawings, as distinguished from the pictures, are not quite ready. Only a native born could really do justice to it; but one who has but strayed now and



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OTTERBOURNE MANOR, HAMPSHIRE.

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then among its villages in summer weather, and fished in its chalk streams, and stayed in one of its many historic houses, has just been able to appreciate the peculiar charm of the county. There has been much building of farmhouses and cottages there in the last five-and-twenty years, even though agricultural depression has weighed heavily upon the land; but the new houses are not nearly so attractive in appearance as the old. In Otterbourne Manor we show a delightful farmhouse of the antique style, well built, yet not foolishly smart; simple, yet dressed and beautified by Nature in the way that Nature works if you will only give her time and freedom enough. You could not fancy a married couple living in it unless, indeed, the grandsire and grandam were there too. It is a place such as our forefathers loved to build when they looked upon a house as a permanent dwelling-place, where, in process of time, three, and perhaps four, generations would be all living together. And not the least pleasant thing about it is the wooden granary, such as was common on cereal farms. It is mounted on little pedestals (in some cases wheels are used instead) in order to avoid damp and rats.

Our second picture represents a very characteristic cottage in the same county, and a very pleasant one it is, even in the bareness of early spring, when the trees have no foliage and

there is little in the kitchen garden, which is nevertheless a well-kept one. And it has a good old-fashioned well, a great matter in Hampshire, where farmers suffer to an amazing degree from drought and the provision of water is a first necessity. But this grand old cottage, be it noted, is one of the last of its kind. At any rate, the like of it could not be built under the Model Bye-laws, for it sins against ever so many of them; *e.g.*, No. 52 lays it down that "the roof is to be covered with slate, tile, metal, or other incombustible materials," and Mr. Knight's annotation is: "The effect of this regulation is to prohibit the use of thatch." The faults he finds with it are its "combustibility" and that it harbours insects and worms, to all which perhaps a sufficient reply would be that of Mr. Burchell, "Fudge!" It is a gratuitous piece of interference to prohibit the use of thatch in a solitary cottage where it is the natural roof and no other property is near, grandmotherliness carried to the point of absolute absurdity. Another crime is that it overhangs at the end. Rule 13 declares that the builder shall not construct any wall so that any part of it "shall overhang any part beneath it." One would like to have the framer of that peddling bit of interference placed before this cottage and forced to explain what is the exact harm resulting from this "overhang." A third fault of the house is in the windows. The area of the window, according to Bye-law 57, clear of the sash frames, must be equal at the least to one-tenth of the floor area of such room, and so that little dormer window peeping out of the thatch, and set there to light a child's bedroom, into which nobody ever goes during the day, is enough to condemn the house. For this it is quite impossible to find any good or sufficient reason; it merely gives the surveyor a right of interference. Lastly, the wooden shed is also illegal. Yet, if all these faults were amended—if the thatch was pulled off and replaced with slates, the end wall pulled down and rebuilt plumb, the windows enlarged, and the wooden shed destroyed—we doubt very much if the owner would gain anything in the way either of comfort or safety.

Our next three illustrations are from the county of Surrey. The old police cottage at Bowler's Green, as a rare bit of old



Mrs. Delves Broughton. OLD POLICE COTTAGE, BOWLER'S GREEN, SURREY.

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building with a well-filled garden in front, speaks for itself. Our next, a country lane, shows an old cottage—that breaks the bye-laws in its walls, window-frames, and the wooden addition at the end—and the extremely pretty lane leading on to the common, the whole forming one of those delightful pictures that still refresh the eye here and there in the country, but that the regulations of the Local Government Board are in the way of discouraging, in order that their place may be taken by monotonous, ugly brick and slate cottages. They permit no freedom, either in design or in the choice of materials.

We have reserved to the last, though it is in some respects the most charming of the series, the old parsonage at Thursley, with its delightful porch and diamond-panel windows, and the abundant greenery. It is another of those houses that almost woo one to go and live in it, and speaks volumes for the taste of the old builder.

It will, we think, be freely admitted that these form a most attractive little series of houses, but it is less as pretty pictures we show them than to bring home to the public the loss that would be involved by a general adoption of these meddlesome

bye-laws, which are utterly destructive to variety, and interfere on a hundred petty and irritating points wherein they do no good. Surely if ever a case was made out, one exists here for simplifying the rules and confining them only to such necessary matters as are really essential to health and comfort.

WILD . . . COUNTRY LIFE. . .

TAMED BY COLD.

FEBRUARY 2ND.—January, after giving us almost a surfeit of "abnormal mildness," left us in a fit of strong winds, frosts, and whirling snowflakes, which have tamed the wild spirits of the birds, inasmuch that you can now look at the huddled-up fieldfares within a few yards, whereas a week ago you could not peep over the hedge soys off without sending them crying "chak—chak—chak" one after another, two fields away. Viewed at close quarters the fieldfare is one of the handsomest of our birds, looking



Mrs. Delves Broughton. A COUNTRY LANE, THURSLEY, SURREY.

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quite unthrush-like with his contrast of grey back and auburn mantle. Snipe and partridge, curlew and plover, starling, blackbird, thrush, and all the finches, even the rook and hooded crow, exhibit also in varying degrees the taming effect of chilled blood and empty stomachs.

THE TREE-SPARROW.

Now, therefore, is the time to make yourself familiar with birds that usually resent familiarity, and in a single wintry morning you can acquire ornithological knowledge that will last a life-time. Look at those four sparrows picking about where the decayed remains of an old constack have melted the snow that fell upon them. You did not know that sparrows had such handsome, bright chocolate crowns, such pied cheeks, or such chestnut shoulders double barred with white? All four birds seem to be cock-sparrows, too. But this is only because you are looking at tree-sparrows, in which the sexes are alike; and, except in harvest-time, it is almost safe to say that every sparrow you see at a distance of more than 100 yds. from a human dwelling is a tree-sparrow. Very few people realise how common the tree-sparrow is. I think it becomes commoner every year, and that the common belief that country sparrows are so much cleaner-looking and handsomer than town birds is largely due to the comparison being unconsciously made between two different kinds of birds. For the house-sparrow of our towns not only has a dowdy mate, all of one dull colour, but has also a dull slate-grey crown, instead of bright chocolate, and is altogether a dumber, dingier person than his brother of the trees. As for the theory that London sparrows look dingy because they are dirty, it is hard to believe that a bird which is so fond of bathing really goes about with accumulated soot upon his feathers. Hardly a puddle forms in any London square or park after rain but a dozen sparrows will straightway bathe in it, no matter how cold the weather may be.

KINDS OF STARLINGS.

Another bird which is almost more fond than the sparrow of basking in all weathers, if someone will break the ice for him, is the starling, and, like the sparrow too, his tameness in frost and snow-time enables you to note distinctions of species which, as detailed in bird-books, seem fanciful hair-splitting. For

into the bowl of a pipe, as much as it can possibly eat; but it seems to have retained the useless habit of an instinct of its ancestors for storing up food, hurrying backwards and forwards to carry off food and drop it into the middle of any sort of evergreen bush.

LONG-TAILED TUMBLERS.

If you are lucky, your garden may also be visited by a delightful strutting company of little "ground and lofty tumblers" in the shape of a family of long-tailed tits. Other tits are fond of collecting in mixed flocks, with tree creepers and goldcrests to swell their number; but the long-tails, being usually about a dozen in family themselves, are quite content with their own society. And they are such restless little atoms, never silent and never still, and, as often as not, upside down, with their long thin tails in the air, that the garden seems full of them and their needle cries. But suddenly the crowd melts away into the next garden, and so on, follow my leader all over the parish; and it may be a fortnight before they come tumbling and piping your way again. And with these, as with the marsh tits, you may blow a number of happy families to pieces with a shot-gun, and out of a shell full of their remains think you can pick out a "white-faced long-tailed tit"; but this is a method of advancing (?) natural science which does not commend itself to the writer of these notes for one.

THE TOO-CLEVER SPARROW.

Besides all these tits you may, if you live near the Spey, see the crested tit, and in Devonshire and Norfolk you may come across the bearded tit—which is not a tit at all, but a reedling—in suitable swamps. But without these the family of tits is numerous and interesting enough, and repay everyone well for the little trouble and expenditure required to secure their acquaintance. Luckily, too, by hanging up bones, suet, meat, coconut, cheese, etc., on strings, you can issue your invitations to the tits in a way that does not include the sparrow. The sparrow is so clever that he knows a string must mean a trap, so he leaves the good things severely alone, and chirps warnings to the tits from the trees around. And their immunity from sudden death never convinces the opinionated bird that he has made a mistake. He is always quite sure that the trap will go

off one of these days, and then we shall see who was right. But meanwhile the tits grow fat, and every hour of cold weather sees the strings swinging, and pretty little acrobats hammering their meals from them.

SCARCE AND COMMON.

This year for some unexplained reason blue tits are unusually abundant with us, but all the other tits unusually scarce. In the same way fieldfares have been excessively numerous, but redwings conspicuously few. Wild geese have been abundant beyond precedent, but the wild duck were never so rare. On the marshes, snipe are commoner than in previous years, but we only see one or two moorhens where formerly there would have been a dozen. Perhaps so far as the moorhens are concerned the explanation is to be found in the presence of at least one otter in that part of the marshes which they most affected. Indeed, to judge by the number of footprints and the frequent traces in scattered feathers of birds having been roughly caught by something on the margins of the dykes, there would seem to be more than one otter at work. They will not work long, however, for trout, as well as pheasants, are preserved in this corner of Norfolk, and the keeper is proud of his stuffed otters in cases.

OTTER *versus* MOORHEN.

Nor, though the known presence of an otter lends added interest to a walk on the banks of stream or dyke, do I think that there is much good reason for that popular outcry which is raised when otters are killed off. In the first place, the otter is such an evasive, nocturnal beast, that he may—and often does—haunt a stream which goes right through the village and past the squire's lawn without anyone knowing anything about him. On the other hand, there is no common object of the water-side which gives pleasure to so many as the moorhen. No one can help seeing moorhens frequently when they are numerous, and taking interest in their queer ways; and since I feel almost sure that moorhens exhibit a marked tendency to disappear wherever the otter lives, I think that the greatest good of the greatest number may perhaps be served best by the destruction of the otter. Only the observant naturalist will miss him, but everyone misses the water birds.

E. K. R.



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

THE OLD PARSONAGE, THURSLEY, SURREY.

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the general impression which you get of a starling at a little distance is that of a dingy, blackish bird, and although occasionally, seeing one at close quarters, you may notice the beautiful metallic gloss upon his faintly-speckled plumes, it seems unreasonable to make three species of British starlings of birds which have (1) the gloss on head feathers purple; (2) the gloss on the head half purple, half green; and (3) the gloss on the head green. But now, when you can at your ease watch scores of common starlings feeding around, you cannot help noticing that the glossy green head looks blackish and the body brownish at a little distance; and, armed with this knowledge, you will have little difficulty in recognising the rarer kinds of starlings by their heads appearing to be either wholly or in part of the same brownish hue as their bodies. With glasses you can distinguish them at 150 yds., and you will find the rarer kinds not nearly so rare as is supposed.

SOME JOLLY LITTLE-BIRDS.

The tits make another group of birds with which anyone who chooses can make himself familiar almost anywhere, even in London, during any spell of hard weather. First there is the great tit, a very handsome person, with a striking black and white face and greenish body. He is about the size of a sparrow, but more dapper in figure. Next is the blue tit, a charming little acrobat, in all shades of greenish-blue to blue on head, wings, and tail, and yellowish underneath. Then there are the coal tit and the marsh tit, both common in gardens, and both dressed in shades of greyish puce with black on the head, but easily distinguished from each other by the piebald head of the coal tit with its black-ringed pale cheeks and white sash on the back of the crown. If you like to go into the niceties of ornithology, you may shoot some scores of marsh tits, and of their collected corpses an expert will perhaps "refer" one or two to the willow tit; but most people will prefer to keep their marsh tits alive in the bushes, though they are such senseless and incorrigible thieves of the food put out for the birds that one is often inclined to wish they would go away. No one would grudge this little atom its feathers, which you could almost cram

ON THE GREEN.

A WRITER on golf in the American magazine *Outing*, which is the *Badminton Magazine* of the United States, has invented a novel theory of the way to teach the art of golf; and this, at this time of day, after so much has been said and written on the subject, is a wonderful achievement, be his suggestion good, bad, or indifferent. It consists, shortly stated, in teaching the beginner the shortest strokes first, gradually leading up to longer and longer, until he reaches the full drive. It sounds charming, with an appearance of "sweet reasonableness" in its simplicity, but—as usual there are "buts." One "but" is suggested by the undoubted fact that a beginner often puts better in the days of his novitiate than he ever will again, when he has begun to discover how easy it is to miss. Moreover, the theory seems to proceed on the assumption that all the strokes are similar in kind, differing only in degree; by which we mean that each stroke is played with the arms working in the same way, though not to the same extent, and

with the position of the body and legs the same in all. How very far this is from the truth, as our fathers have told it to us, and as we see it in the expositions of the best players, we one and all know. For putting, it does not seem to matter how we stand. Men putt well in all kinds of attitudes. For approaching, the position generally adopted by the best players is with the right foot very much more advanced than it is for the driving stroke. Finally, while the advocate of this new, ingenious, and fatally simple-sounding theory seems to go on the assumption that the longer the swing the more difficult the stroke, the experience of most golfers teaches them that the half and three-quarter strokes are very much more difficult to play properly than is the full-swing stroke. The stroke in which the force of the blow has not to be restrained is less difficult than those in which it has to be nicely controlled, in order to measure the distance that the ball will go. The single exception to the general rule, that golfers adopt different positions for the different strokes—and certainly we must admit that he is a very brilliant exception—is Taylor, who seems to play all the strokes of the game from the position and in the manner in which most men address the ball for the half iron shot, and quite differently from the position in which most stand for the drive. But one swallow, even if he be so high a flier as Taylor, will not make a summer, and we cannot believe that golf as played by Taylor is suited to the shape and muscles of all men. The theory is ingenious, and to have discovered a new one in the twentieth century is a feat to excite our admiration, but we hardly think that it is going to commend itself to the general golfing sense.

We had no notion, until the golfing correspondents unearthed the interesting fact for us, that King Edward VII. had played golf as a boy. We had believed heretofore that his introduction to the game was on the green at Cannes, only a year or two ago. But it appears that when he was in Edinburgh, as a boy, the King occasionally played on Musselburgh Links, far more classic soil to the golfer than the inland course near Cannes; and it is recorded that his then caddie, one Tom Brown by name, has lately celebrated his golden wedding. The claim of golf to its title of a royal pastime seems to be the more confirmed as we learn more of it.

Of course, there was no golf to speak of on the day of our late beloved Queen's funeral. All golf club-houses, we believe, and certainly the majority, were closed on that day, and for the past week there has been nothing of note to record on the green.

The Sunningdale course has done well for itself in engaging as its resident professional Jack White, late of Seaford, and starts under the best of auspices.

THE YEOMAN'S EPITAPH

UNDER the dear green grass I lie,
Over my head the great blue sky,
Where little birds twittering dive and fly
Merrily, merrily.

Laughing the rosy children pass,
Softly the lover woos his lass,
The cattle lie in the meadow grass
Quietly, quietly.

Would I might see the golden morn !
The wind blow laughter over the corn !
Once hear the sound of the huntsman's horn,
Cheerily, cheerily.

All that I loved above me stirs,
The stream, the pollards, the sun-kissed firs,
Earth, dear earth, I was ever hers,
Happily, happily.

Onward the changing seasons sweep,
Here in the cold dumb earth I sleep,
Under the sweet green grass—deep, deep,
Silently, silently.

Summers come and the winters go,
Lilies are born and roses blow,
Over my slumber falls the snow
Peacefully, peacefully.

Shall I awake to Gain or Loss
When hid is my name by kindly moss ?—
Over my head they have set a Cross
Graciously, graciously.

HAROLD BEGGIE.



AT THE THEATRE

MISS FANNY BROUGH'S travels through the country will bring her to the doors of many readers of COUNTRY LIFE who, being without the pale of Metropolitan theatricals, may, perhaps, in some small measure look to us to tell

them what is worthy and what is unworthy in the amusements which the capital sends out for the entertainment of the "provinces." They will wait for no such advice when the name of Fanny Brough is displayed on the town hoardings or the country fences. The name of Miss Brough needs no such bush as we can give it. They know her, as we know her, to be one of the very foremost, one of the most brilliant, of woman-comedians. They know that she, one of the Queens of Laughter, has that power of compelling our tears, which the sovereigns of humour possess in a degree which the sad and gloomy exponents of tragedy may sometimes envy.

We frankly regret that Miss Brough has chosen "Masks and Faces" for her medium. We frankly admit that we consider Charles Reade and Tom Taylor's play, founded on the novel, an archaic piece of work from which are absent those qualities which alone make archaism worthy to intrude upon modernity. It is stilted, angular, stagey in its worst sense. It reeks of the days when candles illuminated the playhouse. Its people are puppets; its motives have the transparency of transpontine melodrama; its language is unreal; its construction is primitive. Some kinds of primitiveness cannot be improved upon, because they are based upon the primitiveness of Nature; other kinds are directly opposed to Nature. The primitiveness of "Masks and Faces" is of the latter kind. The character of Peg Woffington, purified out of history, bowdlerised out of all belief, is merely conventionally interesting. The authors, following the example of

many previous authors, and adding to the example set for many successive authors, sought to lend an extrinsic interest to their play by giving to its heroine a name still famous. It is an easy way of winning success. For no other reason than this was the heroine of



"Masks and Faces" called Peg Woffington.

In the play she falls in love, purely and earnestly, with a man she considers virtuous and honourable; it is an oasis in her life of unworthy adulation and conscienceless adoration; he comes to her, apparently, a hero among the young blades of the town. He is nothing of the sort. Despite the authors' attempts to give him sincerity, he remains a liar and a cad. He is married to a young and charming wife. When discovered, he offers Woffington to cast her aside. The actress refuses; husband and wife are reconciled; his heart is supposed to return to its legitimate haven. This is just as unreal and uncalled for as, and ever so much less effective than, the love story grafted on to the name of David Garrick in the play which has proved the greatest of all Mr. Charles Wyndham's successes. And, in saying this, we cannot deny the play glimpses of a certain theatrical power; moments of a stagey excitement. But this is poor recompense, after all.

Nor can the general representation of the "comedy" by the company of Miss Brough be urged as a balance to the faults of the play. Speaking generally, it is very tame indeed. Worse, it is mostly slipshod and amateurish. The work of Miss Haidee Wright, as the wife, a character she plays with pathetic simplicity, Mr. A. E. Drinkwater, as Colley Cibber, Mr. Ernest Leicester, as Triplet, is the exception to the general poorness of the acting. And, of course, there is always Fanny Brough. Even though there are half a hundred parts which would give better scope to



Elliott and Fry.

MISS L. BRAYTON.

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her versatile talents, to her power of making us laugh and making us cry, to her wonderful naturalness and spirit, her gifts and her personality illumine the character of Peg Woffington and render the piece more than endurable when she is on the stage. The quiet incisiveness of her humour, the simple effectiveness of her pathos, are known too well to need exploitation here. For her performance, "Masks and Faces" should be seen when the opportunity arrives.

The version of the piece being performed is described as "adapted" from the play by Reade and Taylor. In reality, the changes from the original are so unimportant that Mr. Drinkwater, the "adaptor," might have left the piece as it stood.

MISS LILY BRAYTON is a young actress of whom, we are glad to think, we spoke much in praise before fame and success had come to her in town. Her performances with Mr. Benson's company at the Lyceum Theatre last year were, in many cases, the brightest spots in the representations. Her quick intelligence, her feeling for the poetry of the classics, her interesting personality, and the attractiveness of her appearance were singled out many times in these pages. Now that she has been chosen for the heroine of "Twelfth Night" at Her Majesty's, we can look back with pleasure on the praise bestowed upon her as a member of a "stock company." As Alice in "Henry V.," as the Player Queen in "Hamlet," as Julia in "The Rivals," as King Richard's Queen in "Richard II.," as Iris in "Antony and Cleopatra," as Iris in "The Tempest," she showed talents of a high and varied order. During the illness of Miss Maud Jeffries, Miss Brayton played the part of Mariamne in "Herod," with a power and an appreciation of the character which gave us further evidence of her versatile and distinguished gifts.

It is said that, for the encouragement of trade, the coronation of King Edward VII. will be expedited and will take place in six months' time. Already the theatrical managers are speculating whether free performances will be commanded, and, if so, on what principle they should be guided. In France, of course, at the periodical *fetes*, they are accustomed to this sort of thing, and our managers would do well, perhaps, to study the methods of our neighbours, with such modifications as may be necessary.

An adaptation of Mr. Marion Crawford's novel, "In the Palace of the King," has already been successfully produced in America, and if we are to rely so extensively on adaptations of books to dramatic use, there could be hardly a more promising story for translation to the stage. The construction of the novel is of a very curious kind—the whole of the story takes place in one night. This is observing the unities with a vengeance; the action could not be more closely knit. Even in stories written especially for the stage, we rarely get the incidents so closely concentrated as this; and the more concentrated the incidents the better the play should be. Added to this, the plot of "In the Palace of the King" is of a very dramatic and exciting kind. No more attractive a hero and heroine than Don John and Dolores could be devised, no more diabolical a villain than King Philip; while a very pathetic character should be the blind Inez, and rugged and striking old Mendoza. The situation bristles with dramatic intensity. The scene of the wounding of John by his royal half-brother, of the lying self-accusation of murder by Mendoza, of the false self-accusation of

unchastity by Dolores before the whole Court, in the hope of saving her father, could hardly be beaten for sensational effect. As a spectacle, too, the play, cast in the magnificent times of the zenith of Spain's glory and splendour, could not have greater scope.

Ere these lines are before our readers, the storm will have come after the lull, activity will have taken the place of stagnation. Of "Twelfth Night," at Her Majesty's, and "The Awakening," at the St. James's, we hope to write in our next issue.

PHŒBUS.

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

IN "The Rulers of the South," by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan), we have history of no dry-as-dust fashion, but as interesting and beautiful as the pen of Mr. Marion Crawford and the pencil of Mr. Brokman can make it. Mr. Crawford's first sentence strikes the tone which is maintained throughout the whole book: "In very early times, when demigods made history and myth to ether, heroic beings moved upon the southern land and sea, in shapes of beauty and of strength, sometimes of terror, that pursued each other, changing and interchanging forms, appearing and disappearing, rising from the waters as a mirage and sinking into the bosom of the earth, then springing into life again elsewhere in the more vivid day of a nearer reality, half human still but already mortal, to die at the last to be buried in tombs that endure, and to leave names behind them which history can neither quite accept nor wholly overlook." This is the hand of the poetic writer, wholly imbued with the spirit of the South, who wrote that entirely delightful novel, "Sarasinca," and who will teach the history of Sicily, Calabria, and Malta for twenty centuries to many a reader who would tremble at the thought of attacking Mr. Freeman's great volumes.

Let Mr. Crawford himself describe his views as an historian of the "earliest times," or, as he would have it, "a student." After writing of Pythagoras, he says: "I have dwelt at great length upon his story because it combines in a wonderful degree the elements of fable, romance, and history, and is therefore a fitting link between myth and truth. I am aware that almost every incident in the tale has been held up to ridicule by some one scholar, but there is not one in which many others have not firmly believed. When learned authorities disagree, it is the right of the student of romantic history to choose from the confusion of discords those possible combinations which seem most harmonious. It is not his province to dissect the nerve of truth from the dead body of tradition, but rather by touch and thought and sympathy to make the old times live again in imagination. Therefore the God-like figure of this Pythagoras belongs among the Rulers of the South, as with the legends of his miracles, and the reality of his wisdom, with his profound learning, his untiring activity, and his unswerving belief in the soul's life to come, with his love of man and his love of beauty, his faith, his hope, and his almost Christian charity, he represented in its best conditions the highest type of the Aryan or Indo-Germanic people. It matters little that scholars should quarrel over the theories of numbers ascribed to him, that the one should deny his captivity in Babylon and the other his long residence in Egypt, that Bentley should tear the traditions of him to pieces, that Roeth should glorify him a most to sainthood, or that Ritter should make a laudable but ineffectual attempt to find a golden mean of sense between the two extremes; the fact remains that he lived and laboured, that he dreamt of a world of brotherhoods in which all good was to be in common, and from which all evil was to be excluded, that when he was gone he left a philosophy behind him without which, as a beginning, it would be hard to imagine an Aristotle, a Socrates, or a Plato, and that both to his fellow-men and to those that came after him his name meant all that was best, whether possible or unattainable, in the struggle of inward civilisation against outward darkness."

This is an excellent profession of faith, and Mr. Crawford has been admirably assisted by Mr. Brokman, whose drawings are very good. They are in absolute harmony with the spirit of the author, and are both beautiful and mournful, being as they are worthy pictures of glories that have passed away but have left beauty behind. The Temple of Hera, near Cortone, recalls Shelley's well-known lines, "Ozymandias of Egypt." Of all the glories of Hera's temple, where once hung the picture of Helen of Troy "painted by Zeus from the five most lovely maidens of the city," now only a single column rises in lonely beauty from the water's edge. The broken steps surround the broken column, and on one side stretches the sea, and on the other a lonely deserted stretch of land. But this does not mean that the letterpress or the illustrations would have us think that Sicily is a land of melancholy and decay. No country so gloriously fertile as it is could be that, and in sketches of a Bileony at Taormina and the "Cloister and Court of San Francesco di Paola," we see how luxuriantly beautiful Nature is in that sunny country. Merely to look at these and a "Sicilian Courtyard" where the strong sunlight is admirably given, makes the contrast between the thought of sun-bathed Sicily and this grey, cold misty London of to-day almost unbearable.

It is true that in Southern Italy the thought of bygone greatness cannot for long be absent, but "no . . . melancholy reflections assail the traveller who ascends the heights of Moureale and pauses, where the road sweeps up the last turn, to look back upon the distant splendour of Palermo. The scene is indeed full of associations that bring back the past, and evoke the grave and terrible memories of an elder time. But that past is not dead beneath a funeral pall of ruin through which the eye guesses only at the outline of the fallen limbs. It is alive still, clothed in royal robes of beauty, and calmly resting in dignified repose. From the height a keen-eyed man can descry the lofty fortress by the Porta Nuova, wherein Roger the Norman held his court, as the Saracen Emirs had held theirs before him, and the vast cathedral that holds the tombs of emperors and kings; the bastions of the great walls are gone, but in their stead there are the graceful outlines of a hundred churches against the broad sea beyond, soft against the softer sky. Between the city and the hill on which the beholder stands, and round by his right and up the valley, the Golden Shell is bright with flower and yellow fruit, and rich with the deep foliage of the lemon and the orange; here and there, among the taller cypresses and spreading pines, the white walls of a half-shaded villa speak of that cool retirement and peace which every Italian loves, and as the glow of evening fades, the sweet and melancholy note of distant bells is borne up on the scented air." Ibu Hankal, a merchant of Bagdad who visited Palermo in 943, was an enlightened traveller, who, if he visited many parts of rural England in 1901, would find as much to disapprove of as he did in Palermo nearly one thousand years ago. In England to-day, as in Italy eight centuries ago, "the greater part of the water consumed . . . is dirty

and unwholesome rain-water. The people drink this stuff owing to the lack of sweet, running water, and because of their own folly"—so far the worthy merchant might have been literally describing many an English village, but he goes on to condemn almost with ferocity a taste which is more common in Italy than in England—"and because of their abuse of the onion, and their evil habit of eating raw onions in excess; for there is not a person among them, high or low, who does not eat them in his house daily, both in the morning and at evening. This is what has ruined their intelligence, and affected their brains, and degraded their senses, and distracted their faculties, and crushed their spirits, and spoiled their complexions, and so altogether changed their temperament that everything, or almost everything, appears to them quite different to what it

one of the most interesting, as page after page of Mr. Crawford's fascinating writing, and drawing after drawing, show us. A strange race were the Norman Dukes. Of Richard Cœur de Lion we have only lately read as "Richard Yea and Nay," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and in Mr. Crawford's pages we find many more of these Normans with strangely two-sided characters. William, surnamed the Bad, was half Mohammedan half Christian in belief, in character, and in manners. He lived the life of an Arab Emir and his palace was the abode of an Eastern harem. "He was slothful, but when roused he was desperately brave; he was capricious, but he could be wise; he was kind, but he could be ruthless." But yet when he died at the age of forty-six years "the matrons of Palermo, and more especially the Moslem women, followed in thousands, with dishevelled



F. and R. Speaight.

HON. BRIDGET ASTLEY.

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is." And all this patter about the innocent onion. The evil effects which Ibn Hankal ascribes wholly to the onion were more probably due, as Mr. Crawford says, to "the horrors and sufferings of civil war—men who had been starved, and whose parents had starved, and who were still haunted by dreams of fear, dulled by past pain, half dazed and stupefied by a generation of suffering." Alas! for the progress of our English village. "Palermo is one of the healthiest towns in the world at the present time, and its people compare favourably, both in looks and intelligence, with the inhabitants of any other city in Europe." Palermo seems indeed to be fortunate beyond the lot of most. Not only is it one of the healthiest towns in the world, but it must surely be also

hair, and robed in sack-cloth, striking the funeral cymbal in time with their doleful lamentations." He was succeeded by his son William the Second, who was "radiantly handsome," as well as "the flower of kings, the crown of princes, the mirror of the citizens, the glory of his nobles, the hope and trust of his friends, and the terror of his enemies." So William the Good succeeded to William the Bad, and one Norman after another showed the strange variations of character and compound of the worst and the best that was in them all. Of our own Richard a strange experience is related: "The King of England, departing from Mileto with a single knight, passed through a certain small town, and after he had passed through, turned towards a certain house in which

he heard a hawk, and entering the house took hold of it. On his refusing to give it up, numbers of peasants came running from every quarter and made an attack on him with sticks and stones. One of them drew his knife against the King, upon which the latter, giving him a blow with the flat of his sword, it snapped asunder, whereupon he pelted the others with stones, and with difficulty making his escape out of their hands, came to a priory called Bagnara."

Hardly dignified, or even honest, but one would like to know whether King Richard, after all, took the hawk with him or not. How the Sicilian of to-day is partly Roman, partly Saracen, could not be more strikingly explained than by the two photographs of a modern Sicilian showing the Roman type, and by one showing the Saracen type. Of the Mafia, of which most of us know the name and little else, there is an interesting account, and, indeed, time is not long enough nor space large enough to name half the good things in "Rulers of the South." Mr. Crawford's closing words should persuade many to go to Sicily and other parts of Southern Italy, and more to read his book: "My task is ended. If the curiosity of my readers is unsatisfied, let them visit the South and seek out for themselves those things which they desire to know; if they are disappointed with the story of twenty centuries as I have told it, let them look into the fathomless archives of Southern history, and read in half-a-dozen languages and dialects the thousand tales which I have left untold. In either case I shall not have laboured in vain. If any, after reading this book, are tempted to wander through some of the most beautiful and memorable places in the universe, or if any, desiring more knowledge, are impelled to pursue the study of classic history or the romantic chronicles of Norman times, I am more than repaid for having attempted what is perhaps impossible."



RABBITS' MODE OF FEEDING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have lately had brought to my notice an interesting little fact about rabbit life which I think may be as interesting and as novel to most of your readers as it was to myself. The opportunity of noticing it was given by a strain of white and piebald rabbits mingling with the ordinary coloured inhabitants of a rabbit-haunted park. Of course the white and parti-coloured rabbits were so conspicuous among the rest that it was easy to distinguish them and mark their movements. The fact that my friend in whose park was this parti-coloured admixture observed and told me, was that these rabbits, having their burrows on the hillside, came down the hill in search of food, always coming straight down from their home hole, never wandering much—indeed scarcely at all—to the one side or the other, but when they had eaten a patch of a few feet on either side of the run, extending their pasture by going farther away from their home hole in a prolongation of the same downhill line. Of course the line was not absolutely straight, and of course, too, the rabbits of one run would occasionally have a brief scamper round in play with the rabbits of another run, but in a general way the rule was well marked and well observed, that they came in a fairly straight line down the hill from their holes, constantly using the same run. It would thus seem as if all the rabbits

on the hillside went out to pasture in parallel lines down the hill, with very little crossing of each other's runs. Now all this was quite news to me, and I venture to think it may be news to many another reader of your excellent paper. Although I have known rabbits, as a shooter knows them, all my life, which is approaching the half-century term, I had always imagined that they went out of their burrows to feed on all sides indifferently. It seems that they are far more methodical. I notice that rabbits on a hillside always seem to like feeding on the lower side of their burrows. No doubt the holes are more open to their entry if they come to them from below than from above. My friend's observation of these conspicuous rabbits also showed that they wandered but a very short distance from their home burrows. This, perhaps, is a well-known fact, but I think the other about the straight lines in which they go out to feed is less familiar, and may be of interest to your readers.—H. G. H.

WALLS BUILT WITH SEA-SAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent in COUNTRY LIFE of February 2nd, "R. A. C.," enquires what remedy can be suggested for injury caused to his house walls by sea-sand having been used in building. Almost all who build by the sea find this trouble. I have just had experience with a church in Scotland built near the sea. Only a year after it was built the nicely-painted and decorated walls became patchy and discoloured, evidently from the use of sea-sand in the lime (contrary to the specifications which forbade its use). There has been no remedy suggested, except to replaster. In some parts the walls had been plastered with lime, made, I believe, with sea-sand, and without laths. The walls had to be stripped and replastered over lath, with sand which is supposed to be entirely innocent of salt. This implies painting and redecorating the whole church at great cost. The contractors, I must say, deny having used sea-sand, and it is possible that salt may have exuded from stones which were got near the sea, having been used in the building. I am sorry to say I know no other remedy than the radical one referred to above. Even sand taken from higher ground than the beach is often found to be full of salt—coming as it sometimes does from an old sea beach of centuries past. If sea stones and sea-sand are likely to have been used in a building on the sea coast, the only safe course is to leave the painting and papering for a year or two.—S. W.

A SUPPLY OF WATER FOR GARDEN USE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This may not be an exact reply to "Miss Ethel's" letter in your issue of February 2nd, but for districts where water is scarce, and especially where new houses are being built, I can strongly, from my own experience, recommend as follows: Let all the washing water and bath water go by a pipe to a reservoir under ground in or near the garden; the reservoir can be connected by a pipe with a small force pump at any reasonable distance; to the force pump is connected an indiarubber coil, so that the water can be sent to any reasonable distance. The soap-water, being rich in alkali, is most useful for plants, etc. The plan has this additional advantage—that baths, housemaids' closets, etc., are not connected with the drains.—WATERLESS KENT.

ARTIFICIAL SHELTER FOR PHEASANTS IN WINDY COVERTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I mention, for the use of any reader who may have a difficulty in keeping pheasants in coverts much exposed to the wind, the advantage I have seen effected by giving the birds some artificial shelters? It sounds obvious enough, and we put up wind shelters for sheep and so on, but for some reason we do not seem to have generally considered that pheasants can be given effective shelter by means quite as simple. The shelters that I have seen have been in the form of a row or two of hurdles stuffed with gorse or any readily available stuffing that gives a tolerable wind screen. The pheasants, particularly if fed on what is generally

the leeward side of this, accept its shelter very gratefully, and may thus be induced to stay in coverts that they would otherwise desert when the wind blew keenly on them. It may seem almost absurd to be at the pains of writing a suggestion so simple, but I see so many coverts in which rears of game complain that they cannot keep birds because of the wind that blows searchingly into them, that I think this cheap and cosy artificial shelter ought to be brought to notice.—AVIS.

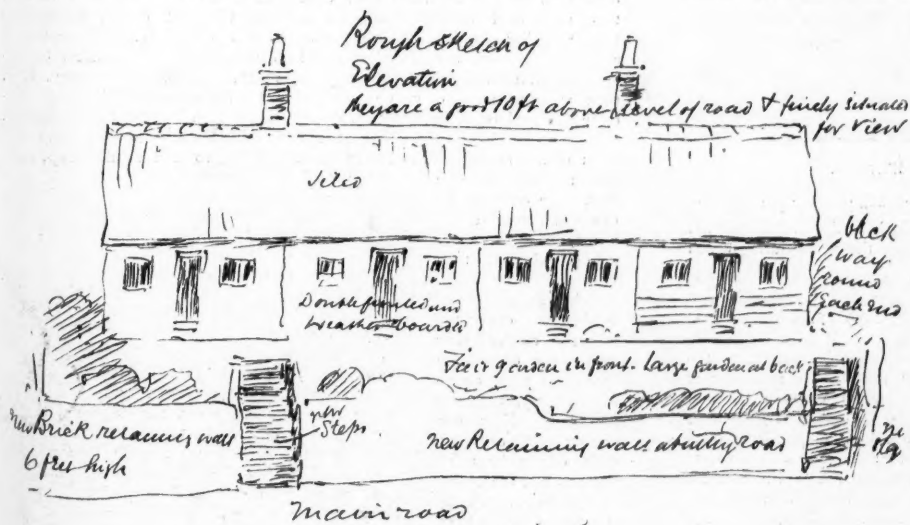
HOUSING THE LABOURING CLASSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

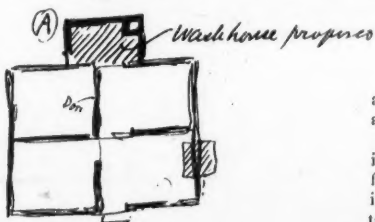
SIR,—Here is an experience of mine to illustrate your criticism of the Building Bye-Laws in last week's paper. I bought four cottages the other day that had been condemned for disrepair and neglect. They are in a fine high situation, along side main road, and rear station. They have good large gardens. My architect said, "Pull them down and build a good-class villa," but this meant disposing of four large families without the least chance of rehousing them in the parish. I accordingly set to work with repairs—virtual reconstruction—and by

adding a wash-house to each cottage I can make them five-roomed, and yet let them for three shillings a week. Nothing is to be had so cheap for miles round. I got my footings in for the wash-houses, but am stopped by the Local Authority because it is a new foundation and I am required to build all the additions in gin work, instead of using weather-board with brick flue and chimney to match the material of the existing work. I will see the Authority at Jericho first! But the improvement is stopped—that is the point. This is the way the Local Government Board encourage local effort to house the labouring classes. I am absolutely prevented from doing the best for the tenants; it is scandalous, and I am—DISGUSTED.

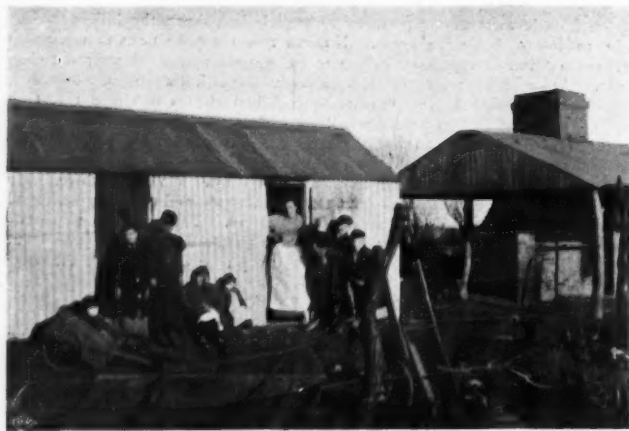
[Our correspondent sends a sketch and plan to illustrate his complaint, and is willing to supply further particulars to anyone interested. We may add, from personal knowledge, that his own motives are purely philanthropic. It is indeed shameful that such praiseworthy efforts should be strangled with red tape.—ED.]



Plan of each of cottages - all four are alike



(A) Shaded part is the new work that has been stopped



PICKERS' HUTS IN MID-WINTER.

MILK AND BUTTER TESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am very glad to see that, in the interesting agricultural article in COUNTRY LIFE of January 26th, you allude to the letters that have appeared in the *Live-Stock Journal* commenting on the Royal Agricultural Society again offering no prizes for milk and butter tests. Since these letters have appeared, I see that the Royal Dublin Society are offering prizes to the value of £50 for milk tests at their forthcoming Spring Meeting, showing that Ireland, as a great dairying country, recognises the merits of these classes. Some years ago the English Jersey Cattle Society offered to contribute towards the expenses of a butter test at the Royal Show, but their offer was refused by the council. Having kept milk records, and tested cows for butter in my own herd of Jerseys during the last six years, I can testify to the really practical gain that must result if farmers are encouraged in such practices, and surely our leading society should have been the first and not the last to do so. I trust you may be able to continue the subject and give it some prominence in your valuable paper, which is more widely read in some circles than the more technical agricultural papers.—ELLEN MURRAY SMITH.

[We are glad to publish this letter from a correspondent so well qualified to form an opinion as the Honourable Mrs. George Murray Smith. What she



WHERE THE POOR LIVE IN WINTER.

says is perfectly true in every particular. No great advance in dairying is possible till milk records are carefully kept and the milk regularly analysed. We should be very glad to look at the records of her Jerseys for the years during which accounts have been kept.—ED.]

NORTHERN GAMES IN STOCKHOLM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you allow me a few lines to draw your readers' attention to the fact that these games begin on February 7th, and last till the 17th of that month, and thus greatly oblige both the British and Swedish committee, which is under the Presidency of H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway. These games will include skating competitions, also ski jumping from heights of 80ft., and ski racing, drawn by horses, besides many perfectly unique sports which can only be seen in a Northern climate. Everyone who knows Stockholm will readily agree that no place in the world lends itself better to such sports, being surrounded by ice and hills. I beg to add that Stockholm, during the continuation of these games, will be quite *en fete* with banquets and gala performances at the Opera, etc. Special arrangements at moderate prices have been made for the entertainment of visitors. Particulars as to the best route to Stockholm can be had from Messrs. Cook, Gaze, and Dr. Lunn, and a programme of the games on application to GUSTAF ROOS, Hon. Secretary, 167, Cromwell Road, S.W.

BUILDING BYE-LAWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is indeed high time that a journal of influence and importance should take up this question of tyrannical bye-laws. I send you some photographs, taken, be it remembered, in mid-winter, to show how they act in Kent. Houses for the labouring classes cannot be had here either for love or money, and the consequence is that many people have to pig in the most filthy and insubstantial buildings. The first photograph represents the huts which hop-pickers sleep in during their summer visit, and that now are used as dwellings all the year round. These huts are 7ft. by 8ft. in plan by 6ft. to eave, and of course the roof is in

the space of the cubicle, *i.e.*, affords extra head room. They are of galvanised sheets on timber quartering and are ventilated by the doors. There are no windows. There is a sort of general cooking gallery and a latrine, but I do not think there is any lavatory, properly so called, for washing. Of these huts a well-informed local paper says: "The wind whistles through the board or the corrugated iron, damp floors lay the foundation of rheumatism, sciatica, and ague; every vestige of comfort and decency is absent." The second photograph will show what hordes of men, women, and children are huddled together in these abominable dwellings. The third shows what are known locally as "Pikey's Vans," but I do not know how the name originated. They resemble the caravans of the gypsies, but they stand all the year round in the same field as the pickers' huts, near Farningham Hill. As the occupiers of these dwellings pay no rent, rates, or taxes, they do not figure before the Local Authority in any capacity whatever. No doubt the law has provided means of routing them out, but what is the use if they have no better place to go to? In a district where such frightful things are to be seen daily, and where the poorer class of people experience the utmost difficulty in obtaining any kind of dwelling, it is surely the business of the Local Government Board (supposing for argument's sake that it were an intelligent body, not a blind machine worked by red tape) to encourage those who would fain provide sweet healthy cottages, each in its own garden ground. But really it has stifled the attempt to do so. The fourth illustration shows a class of cottage that is



"PIKEY'S VANS" IN MID-WINTER.—A PERMANENT SETTLEMENT.

put up and answers well in the parish of Farningham, where the bye-laws have not been adopted, but which had to be taken down in Eynsford, where they are adopted. It has four rooms, *viz.*, living-room, two bedrooms, and kitchen, and as in practice the families live in the last-mentioned, the living-room is available as a bedroom. It was built on contract for £102, which, however, did not include fencing, cesspool, well, and outhouse, so that the total cost came to between £140 and £150, not including the land, of which there is about one-sixth of an acre. Now here is the history of the demolished bungalow. It was built 18ft. from the one pictured, where two parishes meet, and unfortunately in the one with bye-laws. First work had to be stopped pending settlement, but the correspondence went on for two years (did you ever hear of a Circumlocution Office?). The Local Government Board insisted on 40ft. of clear space round each bungalow, making 80ft. between two, and of course, as land is valuable, this was fatal to any plan for making the rent cheap, the building was pulled down, and the material utilised elsewhere. In answer to a deputation from the Bromley Rural District Council, the Local Government Board reduced the minimum to 30ft., or 60ft. between the two houses. Here, then, was an instance of compelling the destruction of a good dwelling sufficiently alienated for safety, *i.e.*, 18ft. clear space between it and the next bungalow, neither of which was more than 12ft. high, while the most abominable infringement of the laws of health is countenanced in the rows of hut dwellings, where fatal results have more

than once occurred by drunken inmates setting the straw alight, when, being helpless, they were burned to death. Another absurdity and hardship connected with this concession as to the use of wood is that there must be no second story, therefore no attic. Now one cannot build economically except by using every available cubic inch of space, and the bungalows are robbed of a room in the roof that could be contrived almost without any extra expenditure. There is no danger, or no more danger, from fire—indeed, much less danger—than in a brick dwelling of any height; but the Local Government Board is an arbitrary authority that seems to pride itself on acting regardless of common sense.—A KENTISH SUFFERER.



WHERE THEY MIGHT LIVE.